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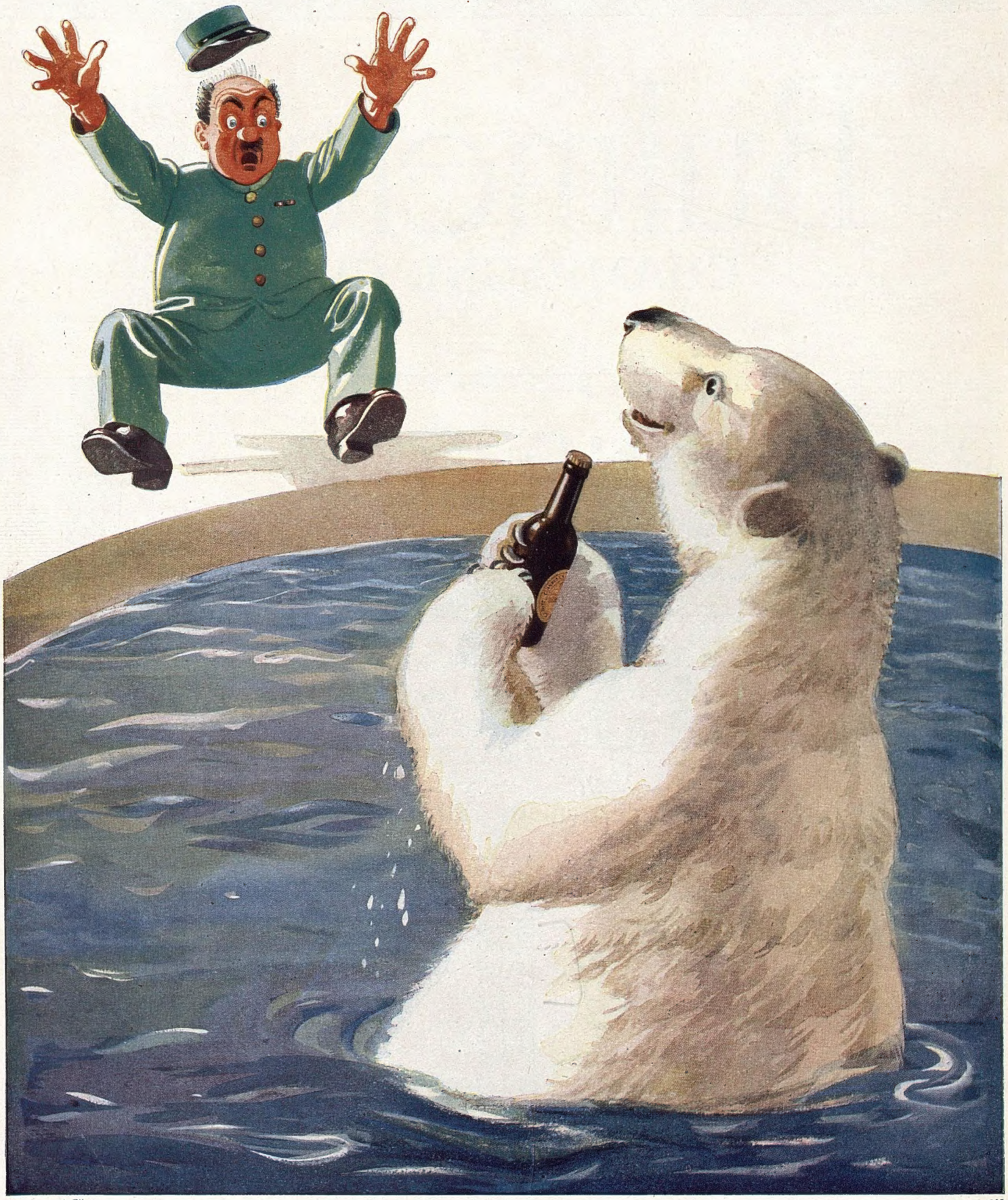
My Goodness— My GUINNESS



Drawing by J. Gilroy

G.E.1235

Volume CLXXXIII No. 2385 The SPHERE, London, October 6, 1945

THE SPHERE
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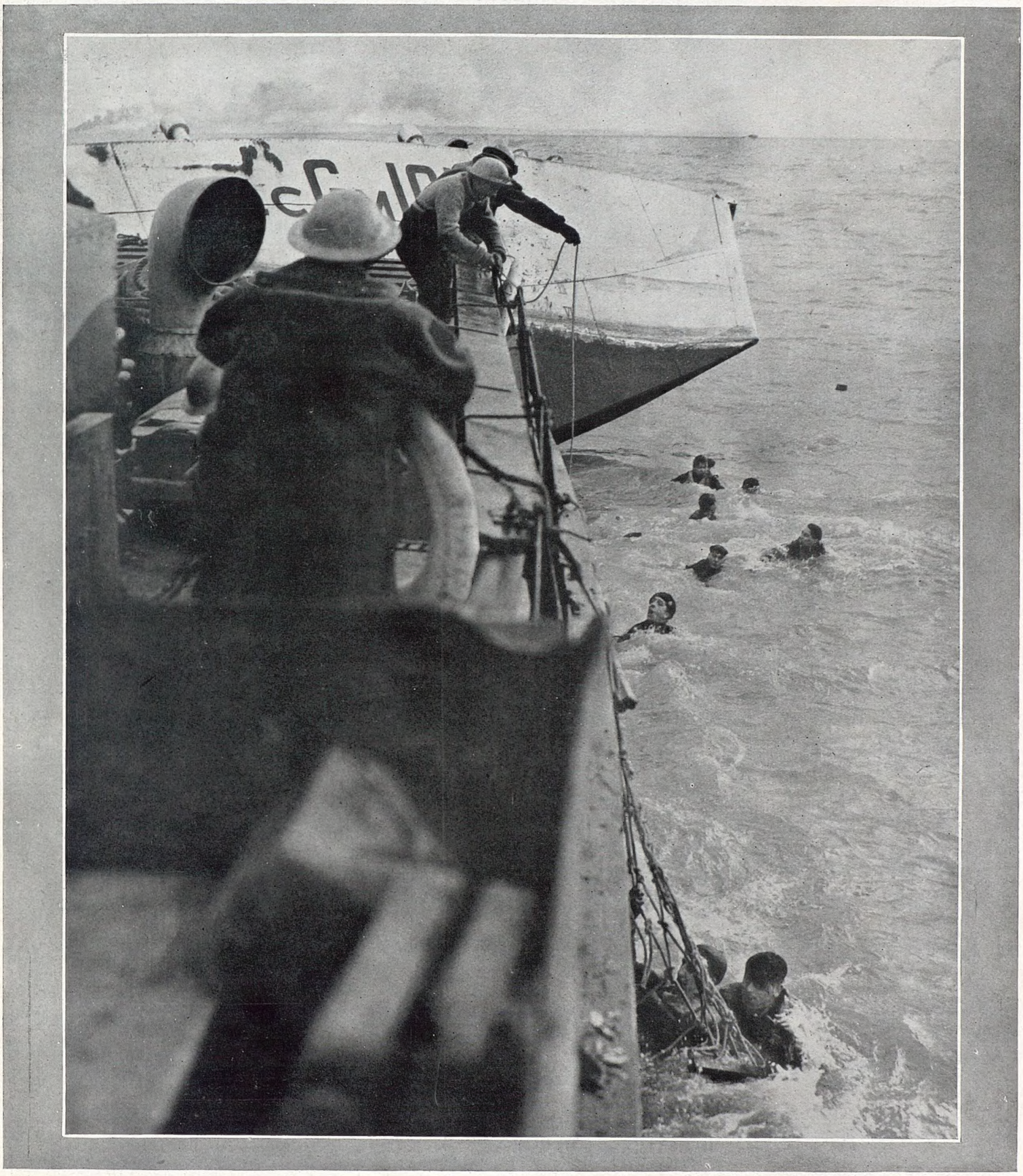
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE WALCHEREN EPIC OF NOVEMBER 1944 : HOW THE ROYAL NAVY TOOK PART IN THE LANDINGS ON THE DUTCH ISLAND—AND SUFFERED CASUALTIES AT THE RATE OF FOUR OUT OF FIVE: A Striking series of action-pictures which have only just been released by the Admiralty. (*See also page 3 of this issue*)

Only now, nearly one year after the event, have these pictures of the Walcheren epic been released for publication by the Admiralty. They were taken from an infantry landing craft which acted as a Rescue Ship during the landing made by the Royal Marines at Westkapelle on the German-held Dutch island at the very right of the West Front. The pictures show something of the ordeal undergone by the Navy's close-support bombardment craft as they ran the gauntlet of the shore batteries to draw the enemy's fire whilst the assault went through. The losses during this action were severe—at the rate of four out of five—but the Navy successfully carried out their job. In the picture above, survivors from one of the sunken ships are being picked out of the water by a landing craft acting as a hospital ship. In the far background is the smoke from the battle raging on shore

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

At Lancaster House.—

I neither take for granted nor reject as improbable that impasse, deadlock and acute differences of opinion are holding up, and will continue to hold up, decisions on the tremendous agenda of the Five-Power Conference. Must it not strike most intelligent readers that here is an instance of a not-uncommon truth that the public's intuition or reason (or reading of history) has proved much more shrewd and realistic than that of statesmen? Ever since victory at last became a certainty, and men had time to turn their thoughts to the distant prospect of peace treaties and map-drawing, the man in the street has prophesied that the task would be for supermen and archangels, and even then a teaser; while our own political leaders have harped on and banked on the unity and understanding of the Allies. I don't say that the statesmen were not compelled by policy to play the optimism motif, but I do say that playing it has encouraged in them a quite unwarrantable optimism. The man in the street never varied his conviction that this peace settlement in Europe would be a harder nut than winning the war, never doubted that Russia would oppose, almost on principle, many Western views and aspirations; never ceased to forecast that the voice of Russia would be too strong at the table, and that Russia, voicing her suspicion of anti-Russian blocs, would drive the Allies once more into a disastrous peace based on blocs and power-balance. And how the statesmen played down the dangers of intransigence and obstruction and lobbying by the small Powers and, above all, the Balkans. One might say they had none of them studied even a précis of Balkan politics in the last fifty years. The man in the street had no such illusions. He saw this snag ahead, clear and ugly. We shall all wear mourning if the Five-Power Conference should reach an early deadlock, or be compelled to postpone agreed settlements; but at least the public will be more pained than surprised. It is the statesman who will be the sucker.

Palestine and the Jews.

—Of all the "headaches" which rack political mankind, the problem of Palestine is the most obstinate. It is common ground that of all the tortured races the Jews of Europe have a priority right to adequate and decent settlement, and that Palestine has no rival in its claim to be that home—on paper. It was the view of British statesmen after the first World War—a view endorsed by the League. It was the view expressed by the present Government chiefs only yesterday in the declaration that, if returned to power, they would abolish the White Paper and resume large-scale Jewish immigration into Palestine. And it is the view to-day of President Truman, who declares that all surviving German Jews should be suffered to settle in Palestine, and so remove the reproach that the Allies to-day are treating the Jews not much less cruelly than did the Nazis. It is a clear case for instant action—on paper. But between 1919 and 1945 Palestine wrote a lurid chapter of history. The British statesmen of 1919 underrated or ignored the bitterness with which Palestinian Arabs would resent the incursion of a vigorous and industrious race into a part of what had long been their own go-as-you-please reserve. None foresaw that the lawless elements among the Jewish immigrants would prove as ruthless and as intransigent as the Arab elements of lawlessness. The statesmen put the telescope to the blind eye, and the resulting chapter is a chapter of accidents and tragedy; and Palestine has never ceased to be a cauldron of trouble. The elements simply will not mix or fuse. The racial differences are not to be composed. The plan had to be cut down and then suspended.

QUEEN MARY VISITS THE WRENS at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich: A picture taken during her recent inspection of the Wren officers who are in training at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. It was at Her Majesty's own request that the visit was arranged, and she spent the greater part of the afternoon in the College grounds and visiting various departments. After inspecting the cadets, Queen Mary asked to see the famous Painted Hall of the College, which is regarded as the most beautiful naval dining-room in the world. In this picture, seated from left to right, are: Superintendent the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, Chief Staff Officer, W.R.N.S.; Commodore A. W. S. Agar, V.C., D.S.O., President of the College; H.M. Queen Mary; Dame Vera Laughton-Mathews, D.B.E., Director of the W.R.N.S.; and Captain A. F. Akhurst, C.B.E., the Dean of the College

And now to-day, with chapter and verse in print to prove the reality of unfavourable circumstances and probabilities, we find our own Government and the American President prepared to try again—if only to lessen one plague spot in Europe—in blind optimism to make the impossible possible in Palestine.

"What Peace . . ."

—If any further proof were needed that war does not pay (win or lose), and did not pay even before the atom bomb was invented, let the doubter examine the state of the world as at September 1945, a few weeks after total victory had been obtained over the enemies of mankind. Look where you will, you see the hearts of men in disillusion and revolt; suspicion between sworn allies; defiance among the conquered; impudent demands by quisling nations; strikes and threats and ca'canny in vital industry; complaints of injustice among Servicemen; disillusion and disappointment, if not starvation and misery, on home fronts; the breakdown not only of communications and government and organisation of available resources, but, worse still, of the carefully pre-arranged plans to restore these necessities. The daily papers and the B.B.C. bulletins afforded sorry reading in September. There was hardly a gleam of hope. The history of 1918-19 unfolded and repeated itself, like an old film. The inspiration and the ideals which won the war were thrown into the gutter with the paper streamers of Victory Day, and the leaders of yesterday took on the guise of the uninspired and puzzled politicians with whom civilisation was all too familiar in the '20's and '30's. We have reason to think that our own pundits are "painfully surprised"—and this (to me) is more surprising than the facts which surprise them. Every nation, every individual, has been on the rack for six years. He is sick of pain, sick of bread and water, sick of fear and boredom. Brought out of prison, he finds himself manacled to a new austerity, stepped up to a stiffer and higher standard of morality and self-sacrifice than he ever learned even in precept, and set to climb a stony, uphill road with his constitution undermined by privation and his character sapped by the moral loosenings of war. Who but a fool can feel surprise if progress is stumbling, let alone retrograde?

Government by Pessimism.

—Joy (it is said) never kills. There has been devilish little of the commodity about these last years, and our present Government clearly has no use for it. Like the Puritans, our leading statesmen seem determined to kill it wherever it might rashly raise its head. His best friend would not call the Premier inspiring as an orator (or reader of speeches). Cripps is almost sadistic in his pessimism and Jeremiads. Chuter Ede's latest was: "If anyone thinks we are going to get out of our present difficulties in two years, he ought to be examined by a mental specialist." Bevin, having nothing hopeful to say, wisely, as a rule, keeps his mouth shut. The smaller fry take their cues from Cripps and Ede and wear whey-faces and shake their heads—all save Pethick-Lawrence, who appears to be a fighter. I don't know if joy is a life-saver; I do know that gloom and constant warnings cut no ice. I do know that facing facts, however unpleasant, is not the same thing as harping on difficulties and dangers ahead—*ad nauseam*. At the time of writing (it would be fair to say) no British Government ever had such loyal backing (faced as it is with tremendous problems) or responded to that backing with a more complete lack of confidence in the Country, in the people, in itself. It is a Government of woe, woe, of Jeremiad and Warning. We have no cause to throw our hats in the air. We have great need of lifting our hearts to meet the waves ahead. And unless this Government of pessimists and killjoys takes tardy heart of grace, its warmest supporters will whistle for a wind or a Lilliburlero to waft it overseas among our first valuable exports. And the crux of the absurdity is here: For years and years you and I have "warned" the statesmen that what is true of a bankrupt individual is true of a bankrupt nation. Now that election enthusiasm has run out of its boots, the Socialist Government is making this and other "discoveries."

Russia and Other Bombshells.

—The Brains Trust is, I suppose, a cross-section of our intelligentzia, flavoured principally by science, philosophy and politics. Presumably, it mirrors the current thought of those sections which do the best of our national thinking and try to base reasoning on ascertained fact. The Brains Trust leaves no doubt at all that intelligent Britons are profoundly disturbed and bitterly disappointed by the state of the world, by the present rifts among the Allies, by the scrapping on the part of Russia of the ideals for a just peace subscribed to at the wartime meetings of the Big Three, and generally by the fading, among men and among nations of good will, of all the high hopes of a permanent return to brotherhood, co-operation, selflessness and Christian ethics, with the aid of which the war was won. The Trust's attitude towards the fate of civilisation is one of profound pessimism, and the best hope it can offer for ultimate survival is a hideous dilemma: One great Power must gain complete domination over all other nations and impose its will upon the world. But how can it achieve domination without a world war, in the early course of which the atomic bomb will certainly send civilisation up in smoke? In other words, the only hope for civilisation is for some dictator to imitate Hitler and go one better by totally wrecking civilisation. Cheerful, isn't it?

A King's Friends.

—Few kings in history were happier in their friendships—giving and getting—than was King George V. *Giving*, because he was a very Prince in friendship, true, staunch, loyal and generous and utterly unchanging. *Getting*, because he chose his friends on character and found a score of noble and true hearts who were capable of absolute loyalty without flattery or lip-service, who knew the vital difference between courtesy and courtiership, who were ready to tell the King—what a King most needs to know—the truth, even if it were unpleasant or unpalatable. And now, one by one, these old friends are dying; Sir Bryan Godfrey-Faussett is the latest to go. He was among the oldest. He and Cust and Keppel, John, Duke of Buccleuch and Harry Stonor dated their friendships from boyhood days. Some of them long survived the King. Of later friends, Lord Crewe was another survivor into 1945. But of a score of tried and true friends among the late King's (more or less) contemporaries, only four or five remain alive to-day, and they mostly are churchmen.

THE OLD STAGER

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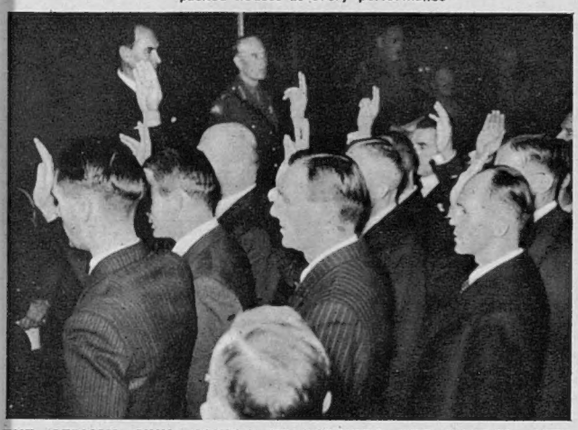
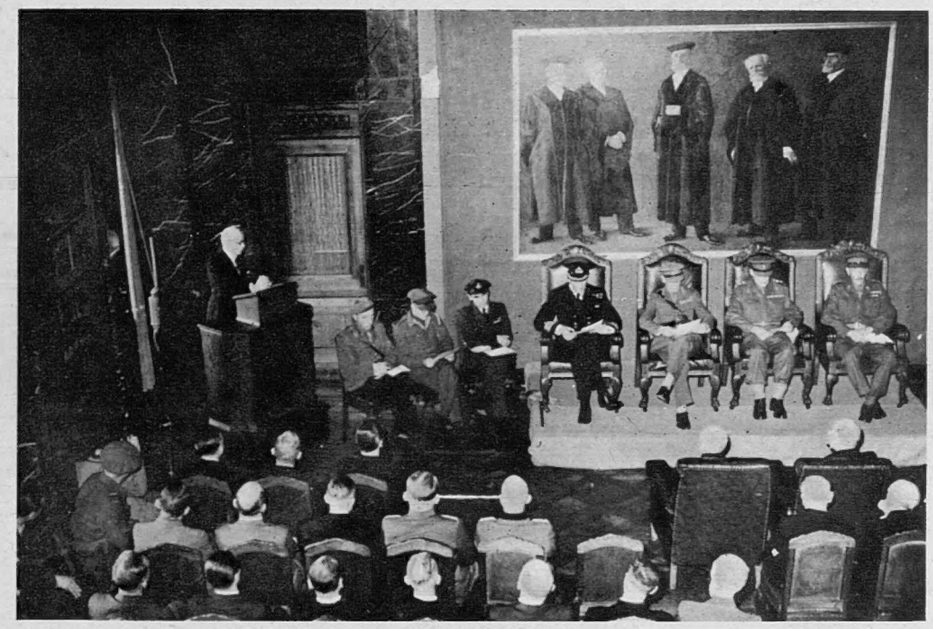
BERLINERS RUSH TO SEE "THE GREAT FREEDOM": Berliners are queueing-up from early morning at the "Wien" Cinema to see the film, *Grosse Freiheit* ("The Great Freedom"), the film which was banned by Goebbels when it was first made in 1943. In spite of its title, there is nothing anti-Nazi in the film to explain its suppression. The scene is laid in the Hamburg docks, and "Grosse Freiheit" is the name of a street of doubtful repute in the tough quarter of Hamburg. Evidently Goebbels did not wish to acknowledge publicly the existence of such an unsavoury side to German life. It has been the policy of the British Military Government to give the greatest possible licence to the Germans to restart public entertainment, and this excellent film has justified its showing by packed houses at every performance

ANNOUNCING A NEW ATTRACTION TO THE POPULACE: This promoter in bomb-scarred Berlin, is determined not to let things get him down. He has made use of a pair of stilts to advertise a forthcoming attraction at the Berlin Palace Theatre

"LILY MARLENE" APPEARS IN PERSON to the British troops in Hamburg: The original "Lily Marlene"—Lale Anderson, a German variety actress—has been singing her world-famous song to the British troops at the Palladium Theatre, in Hamburg. The song "Lily Marlene" was first sung by the Germans in the North African deserts; it was adopted by the Allied troops who followed, and it is now sung all over the world. Here "Lily Marlene" is seen in her dressing-room making up for her show



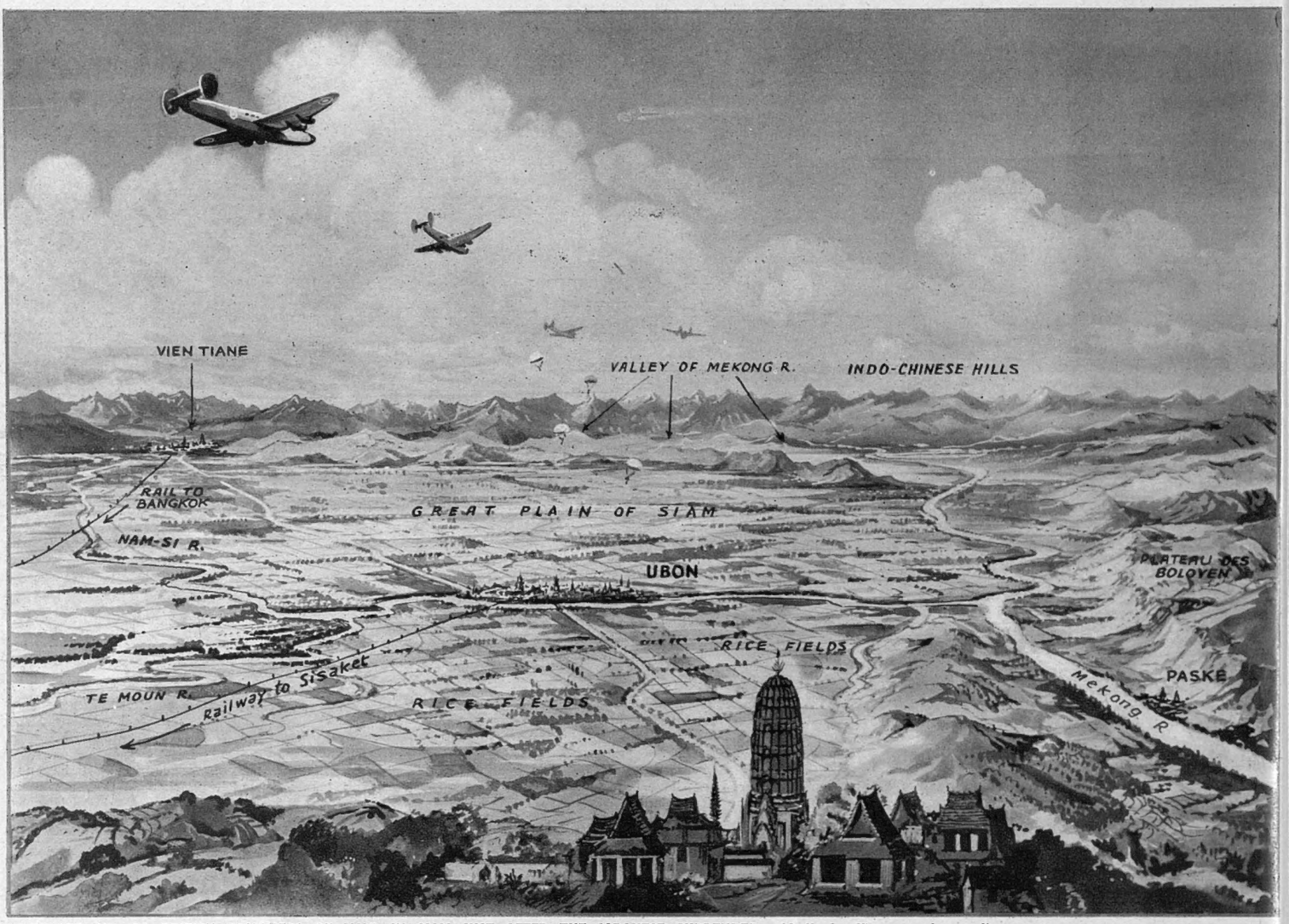
THE GERMAN CIVIL COURTS IN HAMBURG ARE HANDED OVER TO GERMAN JUDGES: Lawyers who will practise in the courts, and the judges, are here taking the oath



THE COMMANDER OF THE 8TH CORPS DISTRICT HANDS OVER THE CONTROL OF THE HAMBURG CIVIL COURTS: The newly-elected President, Dr. Kiesselbach, addresses German judges and lawyers before they are sworn in. Major-General Barker, the British Commander, is seated on the platform at the ceremony, on September 22, next to a British naval officer. This process of handing back the civil administration to the Germans is being pursued wherever it has been shown that they are capable of carrying on free from Nazi taint or prejudice

GERMAN BOYS WORK AS POSTMEN IN LUNEBURG: Many young German boys, often former members of the Hitler Jugend, are put to work on various kinds of duties serving the community, partly because of the shortage of man-power and partly to keep them out of mischief. Here a young German boy, engaged as a postman in Luneburg, is seen emptying a post-box. He wears shorts, and uses a bicycle on his rounds

GERMAN CHILDREN LEARN THE NEW IDEAS AT A FOREST SCHOOL NEAR THE CAPITAL: At the Waldschule, or Forest School, on the edge of the Grunewald, in Berlin, the first Allied school has been opened, where children of all ages are being taught subjects set out by the Allied Military Governments to dispel their Nazi ideas and teach them a better way of life. The school is an elementary one in the open air, and children from six years upwards are taught by students from the Berlin University (now closed) who have been specially selected for the task. Before the war, university training was interrupted at eighteen years for two years' military training and six months' land work. This training is eliminated under the Allied Governments' educational scheme



IMMEDIATE AID TO BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR IN SIAM JUST AFTER THE JAPANESE SURRENDER: Medical officers and supplies are dropped by Liberators at Ubon, in the great Rice Plain—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert* Shortly after the surrender in Burma, British "relief teams" were landed by air, to bring immediate aid to the sorely-tried prisoners of war at Singapore and in Siam. Each team was made up of two medical officers, two orderlies and two administrative officers: these were dropped by Liberator aircraft, together with supplies. Each was landed safely, and reported by radio that they were receiving every assistance. The Siamese town of Ubon, shown in the above drawing, lies near the Mekong River: it is located in the Great Plain of Siam, one of the rice-growing areas of that country

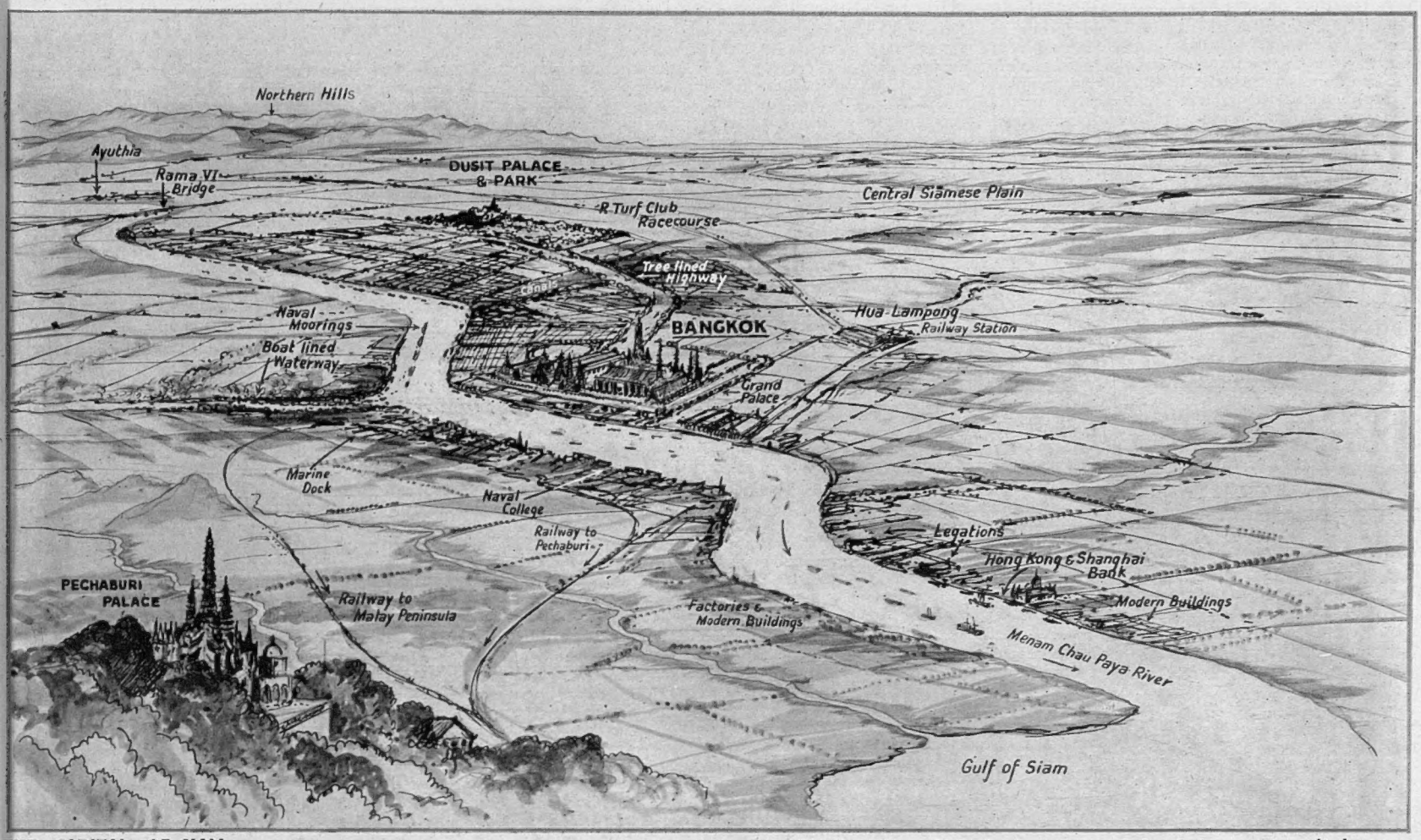
THE METHODICAL ELIMINATION OF ALL JAP SHIPPING ALONG THE SIAMESE COAST in the later stages of the war in the East—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert.* A continuous attack was maintained in the closing stages of the Burma campaign by R.A.F. Sunderlands and Liberators against all Japanese shipping in the Gulf of Siam. Operating from forward bases, the aircraft attacked schooners, coasters, oil barges and numerous smaller craft: deprived of the use of the open sea by vessels of the British East Indies Fleet, the Japs were forced to rely on small coastal vessels to carry their much-needed oil and other supplies from the Dutch East Indies and Singapore. This picture shows an R.A.F. Sunderland attacking one of the Jap vessels, which is supposed to represent a tree-covered islet off the coast! These barges—sailing and motor vessels—were known as "Sugar Dogs" and "Sugar Foxes": each could carry sufficient rice to feed a Japanese division for a month

The POSITION of SIAM

The Pro-Ally Country which was Occupied by the Japs

—*Special Sphere Drawings*

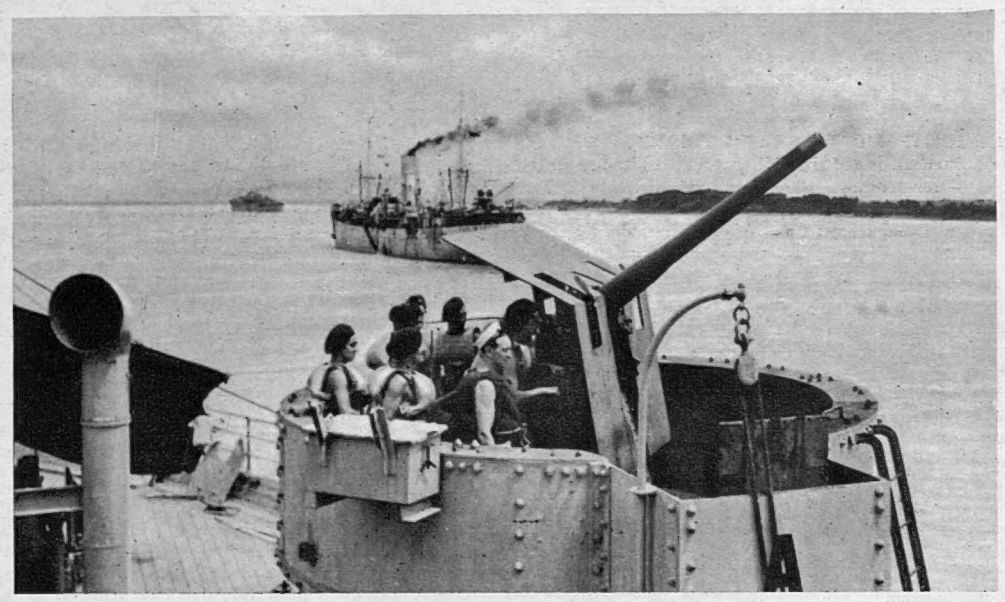
Although at one time the collapse of Siam in front of the Japanese threat caused one of the gravest conditions of the Far East to arise, it seems clear that the pro-Ally attitude of the existing Siamese Government is going to be met more than half-way. There had been elements among former Siamese high officials who were not averse to very close dealings with the Japanese. When the Japanese storm, after Pearl Harbour, broke in the South-West Pacific, Thailand, as it was then usually called, offered little or no resistance to the landing of Japanese troops and to their virtual occupation of the country. It was through Thailand that the disastrous attack upon Malaya developed, and for some time the pro-Japanese party were prepared to accept from the Japanese gifts of adjacent territory, in return for the use which the enemy was making of their country. But this state of things, the Siamese declare, was not wholly in accord with the general feeling of the country, and when the tide turned in favour of the Allies, the Siamese were only too ready to welcome the new situation and promised all possible co-operation to the British troops who recently landed in Siam. They were warmly welcomed by the Regent, who has behind him a new "caretaker" Government under a former Vice-Premier, who seems to represent a definite return to the former democratic regime which existed before the more recent epoch of dictatorship



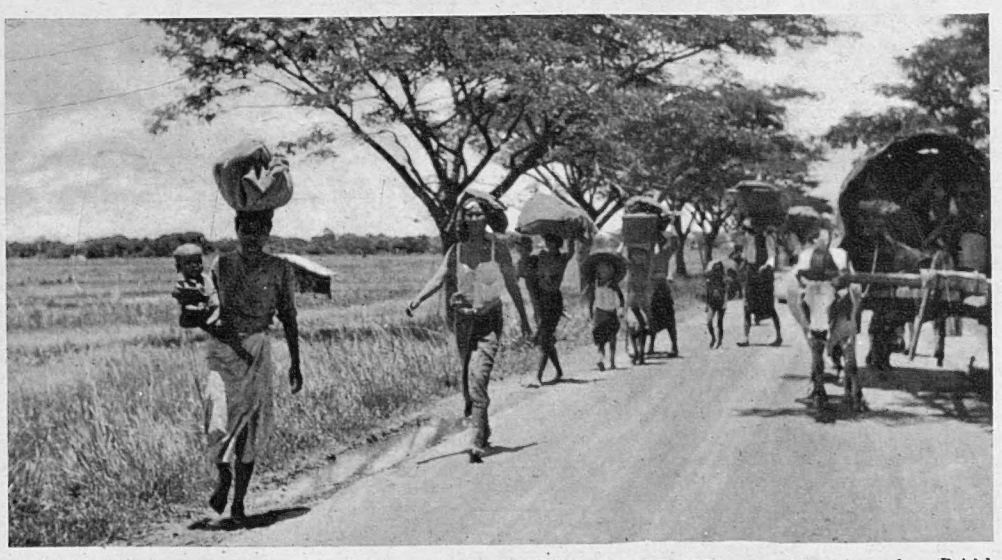
THE CAPITAL OF SIAM — A VIEW OF THE CITY OF BANGKOK, ON THE BANKS OF THE MENAM RIVER, which dominates the whole of the country. It has now been revealed that—although under Japanese occupation for years—the Government of Siam has been pro-Ally and has consistently worked in secret for the overthrow of the invaders—*Drawing by Percy Home*

Bangkok is not an ancient city, its phenomenal growth dating from the eighteenth century. From a military headquarters it became the capital of the new dynasty in 1782. Since that date it has grown into the biggest city that Siam has ever possessed. It was built on both sides of the Menam Chao Paya River, largely on piles and pontoons moored alongside a vast number of creeks and canals. The Royal Palace faces one of the bends of the river and is a remarkable sight. Steamers and naval craft navigate the river, which is tidal. The view given here is taken from the Peshaburn Palace, situated on a high hill to the south-west of the city. Along the nearer banks of the river are the Legation, big banks, and other modern buildings. The Grand Palace is connected with the Dunmer, or Dusit Palace, by a wide, tree-lined highway. This palace has grown in importance as an official centre during recent years. In the distance is the site of Ayuthia, the former (and now practically deserted) ancient capital

SIAM—AND ITS RELATION TO FRENCH INDO-CHINA : The great Gulf of Siam is bounded by Indo-China, Malaya and Siam. To the north and west the country is bounded by Burma. It was in this country that the Japs, during their occupation, constructed railways with forced British labour—a task which caused the death of many



SAILING DOWN THE SIAMESE COAST FOR THE OCCUPATION OF SINGAPORE : The large British convoy set out from Rangoon after the Japanese surrender ; it was protected by men of the R.A.F. Regiment, who helped the Navy to man the guns on the Headquarters ship



HOW THE BURMESE WERE EVACUATED FROM THE SITTANG BATTLE AREA : In this region, where British forces smashed the last remaining Japanese resistance, one anxiety was the care of the Burmese villagers who, in the mixed nature of the operations, became involved. The Japanese had occupied their villages, using the civilians as protection from British bombing and shelling. Over 5,000 Burmese villagers were safely evacuated. Here they are seen leaving with their household goods and children

"PACKING UP" in the LIBERATED COUNTRIES

The Departure of Allied Troops from the Continent and Their Effect on the Various Countries During Their Sojourn

By FERDINAND TUOHY

RETURNING to the Continent at the onset of autumn, there is an unmistakable feeling of departure in the air which was not discernible in August. Then, many thousand troops were leaving daily, but they were practically all quitting occupied territory, and overwhelmingly American. Now, the preparatory moves in the military business of "packing up" are varyingly evident in the liberated lands in the West, and are not confined to U.S. forces.

It appears that for political and social reasons, and so as not to risk straining the good will born of liberation, departure from more than one of these lands has been speeded up, and unless unforeseen snags are encountered, only a few restricted Leave Areas, certain "cleaning-up" missions and lines of communication posts are likely to remain in any of them after February next.

Nor is the pulling-out process to be kept to the North. Italy should be entirely evacuated before another of its deceptive winters descend, save for the disputed Julian-Trieste corner, and the last Americans will ere then have left Czechoslovakia, if they haven't done so already. This would leave only Greece, and from what has recently been said about inability to hold elections yet awhile, British troops should still be there into the New Year; but nowhere else outside Germany and Austria, in so far as the blatant signs of military sojourning are concerned, and the same goes for the Americans.

"PACKING UP" IN ITALY: The end of Military Censorship—a picture taken on September 7, when all censorship of communications came to an end. Lieut.-Colonel Hayden, Chief Censor, using the "blue pencil" for the *last* time. Looking on are his staff. From left to right: Squadron Leader A. Paylor, Chief Air Censor; Brigadier A. V. McChrystal, Chief of Information, News and Censorship Section; Major P. B. Lowe; Mr. J. E. Murray (United Press); Mr. G. Bria (Associated Press); Major J. Parish and Mr. Winston Burdett, of the Columbia Broadcasting System

Even in the best-disposed country these signs proclaim a transient ascendancy not to be encouraged these awkward times, beyond due necessity, for an army takes along all its perquisites and dumps them down in a liberated land in much the same way that the operation is performed in vanquished countries. The pick of buildings, offices, hospitals, hotels, theatres, cafés and restaurants are apt to be requisitioned with a liberality ill-attuned to famine circumstances as regards civilian accommodation, and all over a town you come across these places shouting what they are in military initialese or with loud colour effect.

Even when liberation troops conduct themselves well, as the majority decidedly do; even when liberation armies bring along their own food and entertainment and meet their own normal shopping demands—arrangements, incidentally, which have never before been made on anything like the same scale; even when the presence of these forces means work and gain for a proportion of the local inhabitants, there are other factors which militate in favour of an early thinning out of foreign victors, vociferously welcomed as these have been and gratefully thanked as they still are.

I have mentioned the general overlaying effect produced by the presence of liberation forces. Unavoidable in the circumstances, this is much more in evidence than was the case in 1919, and for a very simple reason: *then* the countries that received us shared on a prestige equality, whereas *now* they feel all too keenly the secondary status of their own national forces. No amount of tact on the visitors' part can efface this sentiment, and the constant maintenance of a deferential or polite attitude becomes a strain when the bearing of the visitors leaves something to be desired.

National temperaments apart, there is a fundamental difference between the current outlooks of what I call "the visitors" and the liberated peoples. The bulk of the former are out to enjoy themselves, "see life." Many are on short leave, others are going home and having a last fling among friends. Even those on local station incline to make a form of local hay before returning to more regulated, if not humdrum, lives in their own countries. But this joy of living and roystering has an artificial enough atmosphere. When an Eisenhower or a Montgomery looks in, "the locals" rise to the occasion, but for most of them, most of the time, this aftermath is shot with care and melancholy.

Those who are "cashing in" are very visible. The purveyors of all aspects of night life, the vendors of shoddy "gifts" and merchandise to catch the troops, the pimps and profiteers, big and little, the exchange racketeers, the expensive places drawing on the Black Market, the women and their "houses." Such-like are very visible in any biggish place liberated a year or less ago. But they are greatly out-numbered by the normal run of citizenry, who want a term put to the enfevered interlude, trying, as it is, to already tried nerves, and (they reckon) calculated to unsettle the initial efforts being made towards recovery. Then there is the anomalous situation of troops, so much better found than the people amongst whom they circulate, yet so much poorer in spending capacity. It is, of course, nothing less than a boon for the inhabitants that British and Americans have not *had* to go to them for a crumb (although lavishness of commissariat has not always been edifying). But, human nature being what it is, foreign armies must be in the position of purchasers, not impecunious sightseers. It should have been possible to devise a system akin to the tourist-marks that worked well in Germany before the war. In default of any measures to balance the crazy currencies found by the liberating armies, these became a rare fillip to the Black Market and made cigarettes the equivalent of money.

Disciplinary measures, coupled with the arrival of more commodities for civilians, are likely to make the forces of liberation poorer during the balance of their stay, which is another reason for not postponing departure beyond strict requirements.

Finally, any general survey such as this would be incomplete without mentioning—Girls. Liberated countries have been hit sufficiently in their self-esteem by having had to watch certain of their younger women carrying on with the Germans. Now, it is only natural that they take greater note than they otherwise might of the free and easy pursuit tactics of some of their liberators. Nor is it fair to come down on the Americans, in the van of pursuit as these may be. Reports from Norway tell of Norwegian girls' hair being cut because they go out with British troops, while Britons have lately been killed in North Italy in brawls over women.

The truth is that peoples' nerves are on edge everywhere, and that the Nazis worked such havoc in this most important of all matters to the average male, that feeling is crystallising among men in the liberated lands towards keeping their womenfolk for themselves.

The move to accelerate departure is a sound one that will be appreciated and understood by those most closely concerned. If many Britons and Americans have formed ties or seen opportunities, and intend to stay on in one or other of the liberated countries—and I have spoken with several such—they are the exceptions who take naturally to "foreign parts." The vast majority do not, and are better out of this taut Continent and picking up the threads at home. Departure from Norway should be completed in a few weeks; in fact, it seems to be a race between Norway and Italy for "first out." In which case, Norway will have known the shortest sojourning of the forces of liberation—barely six months—and Italy, the longest (over two years).

With the Danes it is rather different. There's a mere handful of British troops in Denmark now, and very many more Wehrmacht in various stages of well-being. But Denmark is a permanent Leave Area for our troops in Schleswig-Holstein, while the commingling is further demonstrated by 15,000 Danes having joined the British Forces. On the other hand, the Russians won't leave Danish Bornholm Island until we leave Denmark.

Holland—worst hit in the West and least complaining—has already witnessed a big exit of Canadians, and there is no reason to believe that it will harbour foreign troops after the New Year, popular as the British remain. Certain transit facilities may continue—as from the Hook or Rotterdam to North-West Germany and the Ruhr. Belgium is likely to be cleared by February, except for port usage of Antwerp and, perhaps, Ostend, together with a British Leave Area near the German frontier, possibly in the Liége district.

In regard to France, the British are unlikely to be using more than Calais and Toulon a few months from now, the former for demobilisation from the B.A.O.R. and the latter in connection with traffic to the East. The Americans will be present in goodly numbers in France until February, when there should still be 700,000 on this side of the ocean. The plan to repatriate or re-deploy *via* a corridor from the U.S. German Zone to Bremen hasn't yet made serious inroad on the stream of westbound traffic from Havre and Marseilles.

One way or another, liberated Western Europe should see only a comparative trickle of those who liberated her, two years after historic D-Day. Would it be too controversial to apply a like yardstick to Eastern Europe?

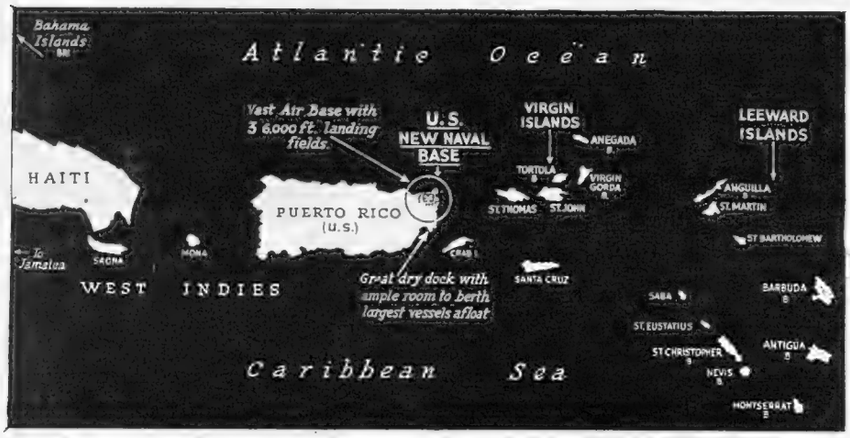
NEW TROUBLE-CENTRE IN POST-WAR EUROPE—Trieste, the Adriatic port—a bone of contention between Italy and Yugoslavia: A view of the waterfront and its battered quays. The harbour is simply a graveyard of ships, and much will have to be done before this vital port is again navigable

THE MAN WHO SHOT THE NAZI "GAULEITER FOR SWITZERLAND" has now been released from a Swiss gaol: David Frankfurter (left), Jewish student who, several years ago, shot Wilhelm Gustloff, delegated by Hitler as Nazi Gauleiter for Switzerland, seen after his release from gaol after serving a sentence of penal servitude. With him is his lawyer, Dr. Lifschitz, at the railway station at Berne before Frankfurter's departure for Palestine, where he intends to take up agricultural work

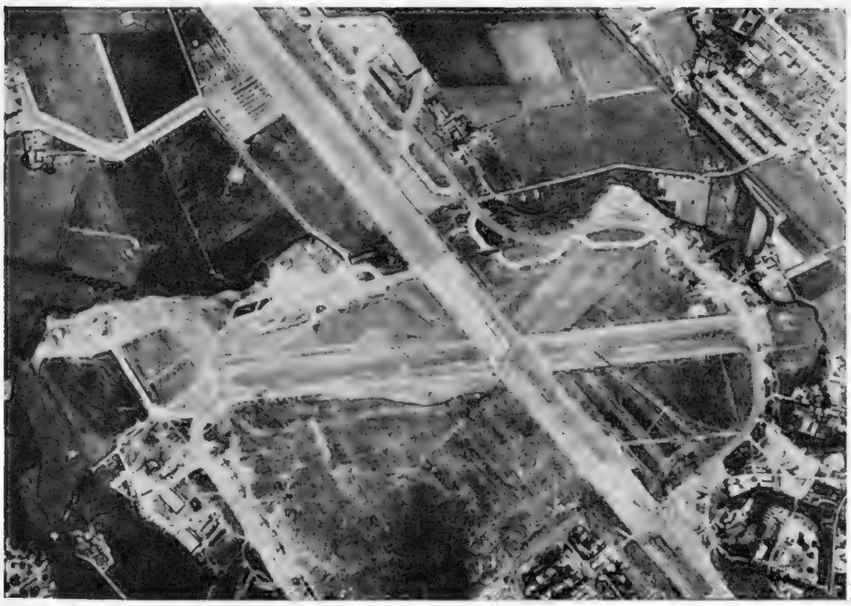
THE AMERICAN AIR BASE IN THE BERMUDAS: This is a strategic point both in peace and war; it has been leased to the U.S. for a term of years, and may now be used for the American air routes across the Atlantic—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

AMERICAN BASES in the ATLANTIC

One result of the war on America has been her desire to possess air and land bases in the Atlantic, which has now become a "frontier" to the United States. One big base was constructed during the war on the island of Bermuda by agreement with Great Britain. A well-found aerodrome has, of course, peacetime uses; and the future of the Bermuda base is awaited with interest. This is one of the most isolated islands in the Atlantic. The view given above has been taken from the south, showing Hamilton, the capital, occupying a central position in the group; St. George is away to the north-east; the Naval Station occupies a position at the tip of a projecting arm to the westward. There are several lagoons or sounds of shallow water. The islands have little elevation, and in their general aspect much resemble the West India Islands; their highest point is 260 ft. The largest harbour is that of St. George, a beautiful bay, capable of containing a large fleet



THE ISLAND OF PUERTO RICO, where a vast new naval and air base has been established by the U.S. For three-and-a-half years the secret of this base was so well kept for security reasons that not even its name has ever been published. Even now many details are secret, but one account states: "To-day, although only partly completed, it dwarfs in size and potential importance both the Navy's forty-five-year-old base at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and its much-publicised Lend-Lease installation at Trinidad. More than £12,000,000 was spent by the Navy between June 1941 and August 1942 on the base. During the period, 12,700 men worked day and night to convert 12 square miles of Puerto Rican sugar land into the heart of the base. To-day, the whole area is a network of roads, waterpipes and cables serving scores of buildings built around the two vital elements"



THE GROWTH OF A GREAT ATLANTIC TERMINAL AIRPORT: This picture shows Prestwick Aerodrome in June 1943, just as it was coming into greater use as the Scottish terminal for the R.A.F. and American reinforcement and ferry routes across the ocean. The picture was taken from an altitude of 5 miles

NEARLY A YEAR LATER—IN APRIL 1944—PRESTWICK PRESENTED A CONSIDERABLY CHANGED APPEARANCE: In the interim many additional buildings had been erected and other improvements carried out. This picture, too, was taken from a height of 5 miles

THE BROKEN SEA-WALLS OF WALCHEREN ISLAND ARE REPAIRED WITH "BEETLES" FROM THE MULBERRY HARBOURS OF NORMANDY : A scene showing how the first gap in the dykes was sealed—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The first great gap in the dykes flooding the ancient man-made island of Walcheren was sealed towards the end of August, months ahead of schedule. This gap is known as Nolle break, because it lies near Fort Nolle to the west of Flushing. It was blocked by the use of eighteen concrete "beetles" that a year ago were serving in the British Mulberry system of docks off Normandy. It is expected that with the use of about 100 more "beetles" the remaining three breaks in the walls of Walcheren can be closed before the winter storms. "Beetles" was the name given to the pontoons which were built and used, to the number of several thousands, to support the floating roadways of Mulberry Harbour. The name arose because the shape of these pontoons suggested a water-beetle. The concrete ones were 41 ft. long, 15 ft. wide and 10 ft. deep. The drawing shows the work in progress. One "beetle" has already been sunk in place, while another is being manœuvred by a navy launch and working parties of engineers on either side of the gap. If the hole is deep, a number of "beetles" are sunk on top of one another. Rocks and earth are then tipped over them until the gap is sealed

MATTERS NAVAL and MARITIME

Sweeping Away the Mines and Repairing the Walcheren Sea-Walls

Hundreds of little ships of the Royal Navy are at work to-day clearing the great defensive mine barrier which was laid during the war around the coast of Britain. The field extends from Duncansby Head, at the north tip of Scotland, to the Thames Estuary: it was put down to protect British coastwise shipping. Thousands of moored and magnetic mines were laid in these waters by both sides. The Royal Navy are clearing the mines so that Britain's fishing fleet may carry on with their important work of restocking the country with food. The pictures given here were taken during sweeping operations in a German-laid minefield off the East Coast. Magnetic mines are exploded by electric current; acoustic mines are set off by salvoes of grenades, fired every two minutes. The German minefield is approximately 30 square miles in extent and consists of both types of mine

CLEARING THE WAY FOR THE FISHING FLEETS OF BRITAIN : A naval minesweeper prepares for an extensive operation at sea. She has taken up position just as the flotilla begins its task in a large minefield

LOADING A GRENADE-SWEEP FOR DESTROYING ACOUSTIC MINES : They fire a salvo of thirteen grenades every two minutes, and use an average of 2,000 a day, each costing 3s. 6d. The German minefield is 30 square miles in extent and consists of both the magnetic and acoustic types

LOWERING THE SOUND ACOUSTIC HAMMER, OR BOX, over the side of the minesweeper : This is towed below the ship; the sound vibrations it sets up then explode the mines in the water. This is a second method employed for the destruction of these menaces to shipping

A NEW AIRCRAFT-CARRIER IS LAUNCHED AT WALKER-ON-TYNE: H.M.S. "Hercules," last of the Colossus class, slides down the ways at the naval yard of Vickers-Armstrong after she had been launched by Lady Cripps, wife of the President of the Board of Trade

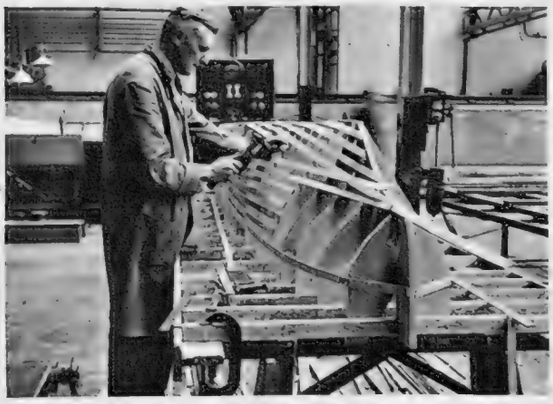
The Colossus class are "intermediate" aircraft-carriers: *Hercules* is the last of them to be launched. They are stated to be not so big as the Illustrious and Indomitable class, but it is known that they are very completely equipped with the latest innovations, including a cinema and soda bar. They are insulated against both extremes of temperature, and air-conditioning has been incorporated in their construction. Near where the *Hercules* was launched on September 22, the *Edgar*, of the same class, is fitting out: on the next berth the keel-plates of another aircraft-carrier of larger dimensions have been laid

ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY-ONE DAYS: The "Mauretania" sailing up the River Mersey after having completed a record-breaking journey from Liverpool back to Liverpool

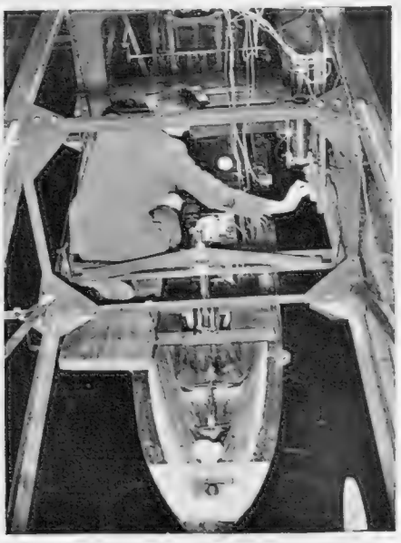
The 35,000-ton Cunard-White Star liner *Mauretania* berthed at Liverpool a few days ago, after making a record-breaking voyage round the world. She completed 28,662 sea miles in 81 days and 16 hours. She sailed from Liverpool to Panama Canal, Pearl Harbour, Wellington, New Zealand, then on to Sydney, Fremantle, Durban, Cape Town, Freetown, and back to Liverpool. She was delayed by a great storm just off the British coast and docked 1 day, 1 hour and 41 minutes late at Liverpool

THE BIRTH OF A MERCHANTMAN: Mr. J. L. Kent, Superintendent of the Ship Division of the National Physical Laboratory, working on plans for a new ship. He is responsible for the tests in the tanks

Designing ships' lines is more of an art than a science. There is no formula in the world which enables a man to put pencil to paper and produce the graceful, flowing lines of a ship in embryo. It is done with a 5-ft.-long piece of pliant, a match-thin wood called a spline. The spline is laid across the huge drawing-board, held down by weights from bows to stern, and the "ship's lines" are tapped into shape with the end of a pencil, a ruler, or perhaps the end of a finger. That is how a ship is born. First, a model ship in wax is made. Using the plans as a guide, the moulders fashion a huge china-clay impression in a box like an immense coffin. At the same time, other workmen make a fragile, canvas-covered ship's "core" out of wood thwarts and laths. The "core" is lowered into a clay mould, and half a ton of molten wax is poured between the clay and the canvas. Result: a hard, buoyant model of the vessel. When the model is finished, it is then given its first test in the 550-ft.-long "Yarrow" tank, which was built in 1910 at a cost of £20,000 given by the late Sir Alfred Yarrow. The model is placed under a huge 15-ton carriage which carries the test instruments and the scientific officers and glides the length of the tank on geared rollers, travelling at any speed up to 25 ft. per second. If the model ship is successful in the numerous tests at Teddington, the Lines Plan is rolled up and sent to the shipyard. By tireless experiment, yet another tested vessel has been added to the new ocean-going fleet of merchantmen which Britain is building up for the peace years



THE CANVAS-COVERED SHIP'S "CORE," made of wood thwarts and laths, is prepared simultaneously with the clay mould, into which it is lowered. Wax is poured into the space between to produce the complete model for testing in the experimental tank



A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE MODEL UNDERNEATH ITS CARRIAGE: Almost on the water-line, another assistant travels up and down the tank watching and taking notes of the "profile"

Above—**THE HUGE NEW AIRCRAFT NOW BEING USED ON THE PEACETIME ROUTE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—the Globemaster (in the air) and the Skymaster (on the ground) at the Irish base in County Clare**—*Drawing by Roland Davies.* Pan-American Airways, pioneers of transatlantic flights, have stolen a march on their competitors. Recently they flew the first land-based civilian aircraft on the new trans-atlantic commercial services into Rineanna, Eire's big new airport in County Clare. The aircraft, a two-seater Douglas Skymaster, did the trip from Newfoundland to Rineanna in 9 hours, 35 minutes. Within the last weeks Pan-American Airways' competitors have been making arrangements with the Eire Government to open up commercial flights with land-based aircraft. They already hold such a licence from the United States Civil Aeronautical Board, which insists on a preliminary flight with an official on board before any regular service can be begun. The flight by Pan-American Airways was such a survey flight

FLYING IN PEACE AND WAR

Two Notable Achievements Depicted by *Sphere* Artists

Below—**FLYING AN ARMY OF 50,000 MEN AND THEIR EQUIPMENT INTO CHINA FROM BURMA—a terrific wartime task carried out by Air Transport Command**—*Drawing by Roland Davies.* An army of 50,000 men—the new Chinese First Army—complete with horses, mules and guns, was flown over the "hump" from Northern Burma to China during the last two months of the war. It was the biggest S.E.A.C. air lift of the war. The movement of this army, with its equipment, was accomplished by the India-China Division of Air Transport Command, and was carried out by 150 transport planes and the North Burma Air Task Force. Between June 15 and August 14 the India-China Air Transport Command undertook some 3,000 flights, despite heavy monsoon weather, carrying about 30,000 horses and mules, while the North Burma Air Task Force carried 20,000 troops and 75 guns. Although not moved by air, part of the same operation was the transport of 4,500 vehicles, which were driven across the Stilwell Road to Nanking

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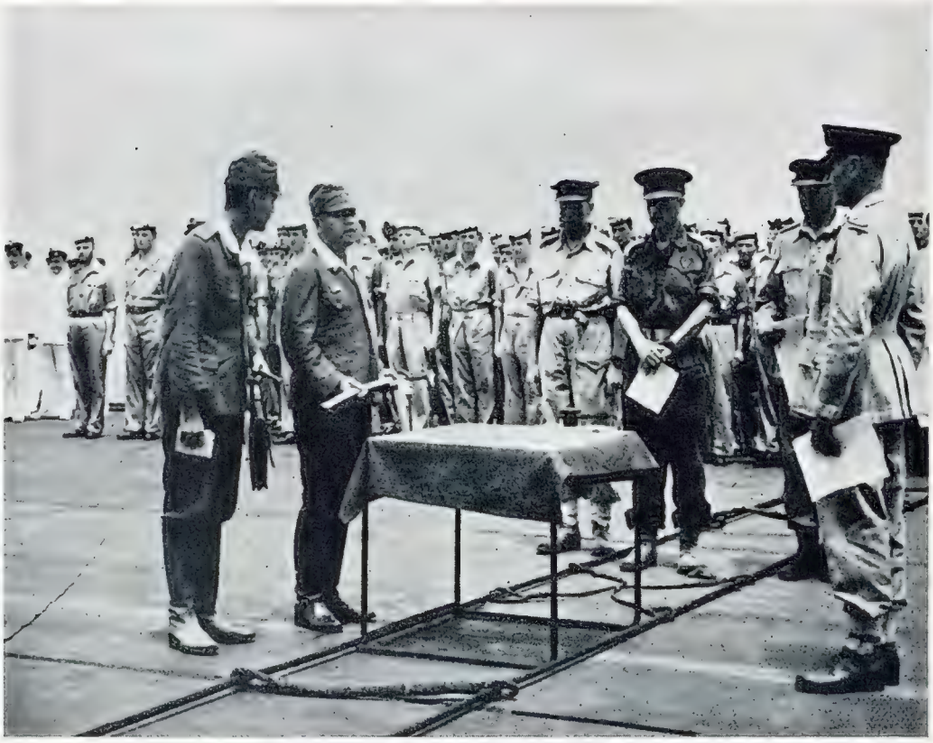
HONG KONG : High-ranking Jap officers are marched through the Naval Dockyard after their capture by the British forces. They are on the way to receive their surrender orders after the capitulation by Captain Shimauchi

HONG KONG—THE CHINESE REJOICE IN THE STREETS OF THE CHINESE QUARTER : There were few Chinese in the streets when the British arrived ; but, within an hour, the main thoroughfares were crowded with enthusiastic crowds and many Victory processions were soon under way —*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

SINGAPORE—A PICTURE TAKEN ON SEPTEMBER 5, when the people celebrated their liberation with carnival. Orderly crowds lined the flag-hung streets to cheer Empire troops as they entered. The Japanese guards then relinquished their posts to men of the Fifth Indian Division. Singapore is little damaged, and it should not be long before its citizens settle down once more to a life of peace and prosperity

SHANGHAI : THE BRITISH FLAG FLIES AGAIN ALONG THE WATERFRONT OF THIS GREAT ORIENTAL CITY. In a land impoverished by eight years of war, Shanghai has everything in abundance, although many of the white population have been reduced to penury—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

THE SINGAPORE SURRENDER IS SIGNED ON BOARD THE CRUISER "SUSSEX" : These two pictures were taken at the conference held in the flagship of Rear-Admiral C. S. Holland when, on September 4, the terms of the agreement for the reoccupation of Singapore were signed. Lieut.-General Sir Philip Christian represented Lord Louis Mountbatten ; the Japanese representatives were General Itagaki and Vice-Admiral Fukudoma. On the right the Japanese Army and Naval Commanders are taking their seats : Itagaki (on right) and an Army Staff officer are already seated ; Admiral Fukudoma is moving to his chair. In the left-hand picture General Itagaki is actually signing the surrender document



THE CEREMONIAL SWORD : Lieut.-General Imamura prepares to lay his Samurai sword on the table before Lieut.-General V. H. Sturdee, as he makes the submission of all the Jap troops in New Britain under his command. This incident took place on the flight-deck of the British aircraft-carrier "Glory" off Rabaul

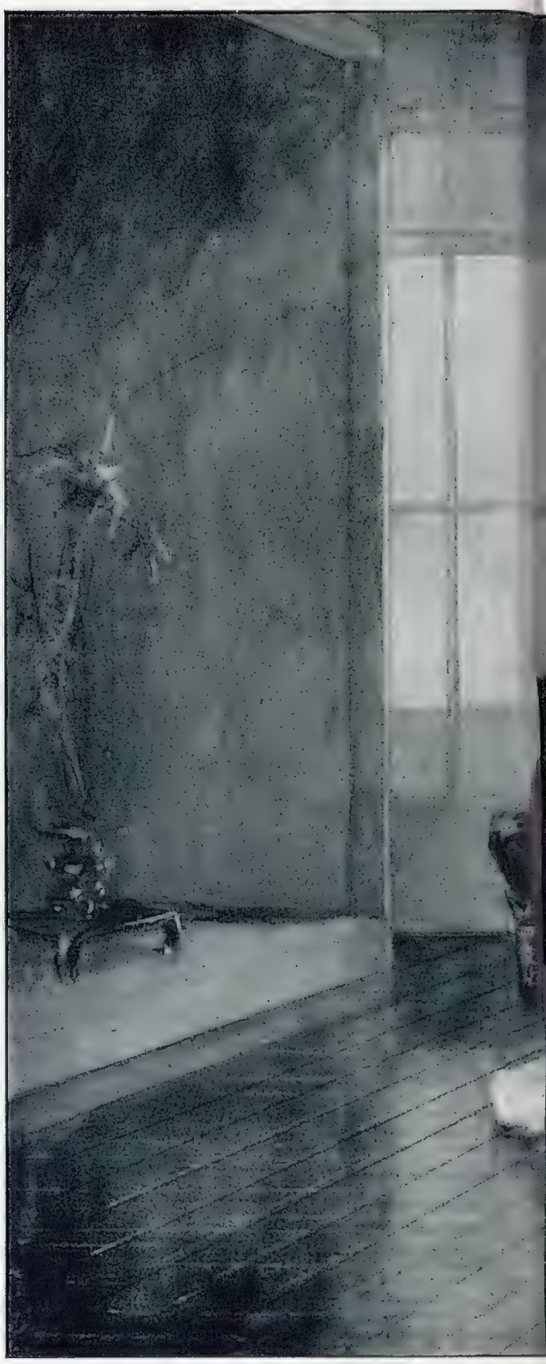
IN THE LAND OF THE SETTING SUN

Where the Darkness of Defeat has Settled on the Former Rulers

Ancestor-worship and "face" have been the two mainsprings of Japanese thought in the past. Both have been the subject of recent decrees by General MacArthur, the new ruler in the Land of (what was once) the Rising Sun. Following the introduction of his "hard" policy towards the Japs, he has ordered that swords must now be surrendered by the defeated nation. They are regarded as a "symbol of Japanese militarism," according to a broadcast from the Antipodes.

Other steps taken by the Supreme Commander have included the abolition of the Japanese Imperial Headquarters, and the inauguration of strong measures against all militaristic organisations, such as the infamous Black Dragon secret society, and the hunting down of notorious Jap war criminals.

The subjugation of the Japanese Emperor to the dictates of General MacArthur must have shaken the whole nation, owing to his peculiar position of a god who can do no wrong. Coming on top of the bombing of the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, many must now be asking questions about the Emperor's "divine" status!



JAPAN UNDER DEFEAT : Bowing low, their belongings placed on the ground at their feet, the Japanese incline their heads as a sign of reverence to the Imperial presence as they pass within sight of the Palace grounds in Tokyo. Posturing is governed by a peculiar code to which all Japs must conform. The structure at the left, resembling a park-keeper's lodge, is actually a sentry-box

THE JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER after his attempt at hari-kari : Grimacing with pain, his clothes matted with blood, General Hideki Tojo is placed on a bed in his suburban home on the outskirts of Tokyo following his unsuccessful attempt at suicide. He shot himself below the heart; but an American soldier gave blood for a transfusion, and Army doctors are now caring for him. It is likely that he will thus survive, to stand his trial as Japan's principal war criminal

TWILIGHT OVER JAPAN, WHERE GENERAL MACARTHUR HAS NOW DECREED THAT ALL CEREMONIAL SWORDS MUST BE SURRENDERED: These are a symbol of the militarism which he has determined to abolish. In this drawing a high Japanese official has just returned to his home: he has dressed himself in ceremonial attire for a farewell to the Sword of his Ancestors which he is about to surrender. His wife is the only onlooker at this humiliating performance
—*Drawing by Edward Osmond* (See note at left)

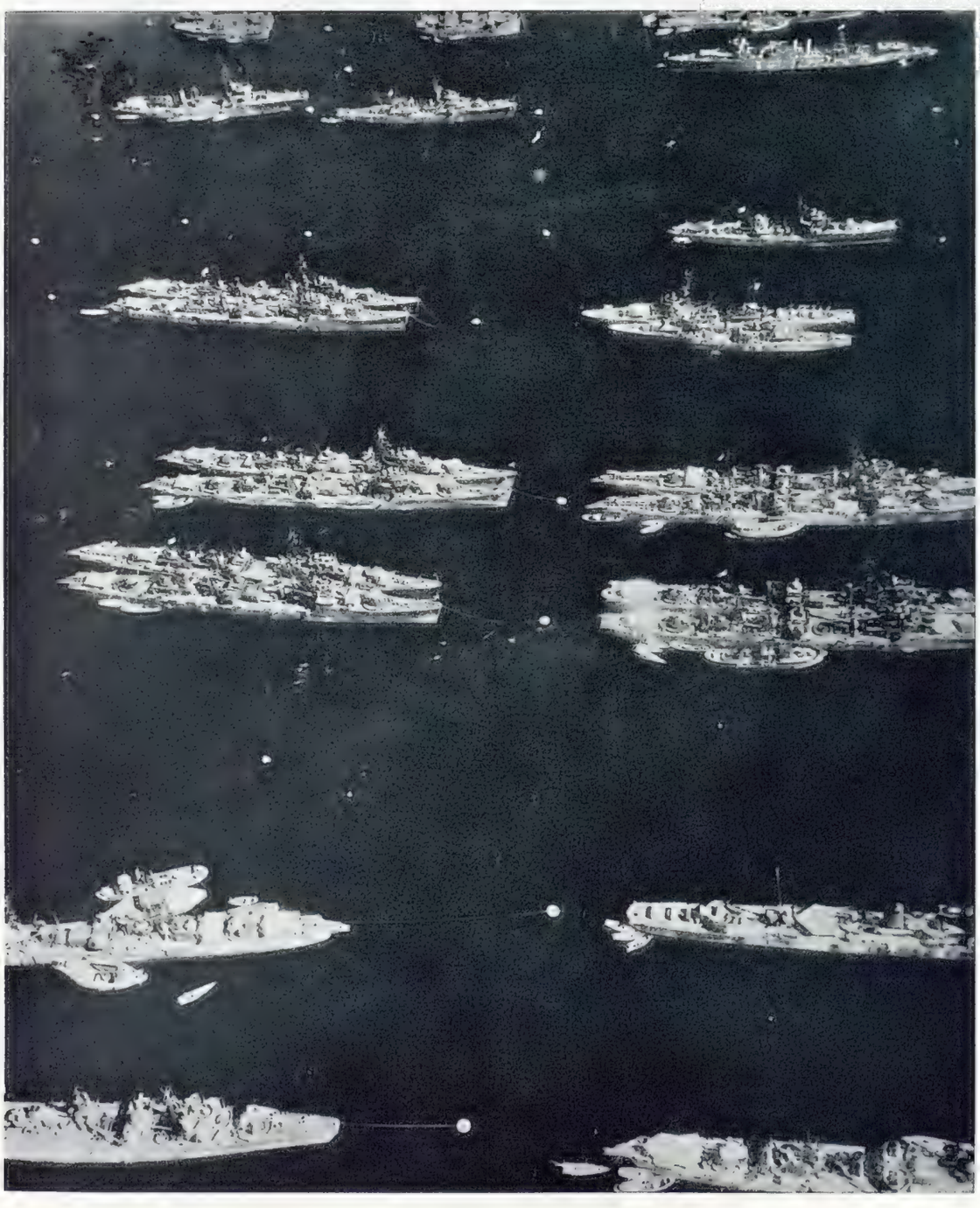
WHERE THE EMPEROR LIVES: The Imperial Palace seen from close up. Although Allied bombs did not hit the Palace itself, buildings in the immediate vicinity now lie in rubble

WHERE THE REAL RULER OF JAPAN LIVES: This is the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. It has been taken over as the Headquarters of General MacArthur and his staff. Formerly, the General had occupied the Hotel New Grand in Yokohama. He will now supervise the Occupation from Tokyo

ONLY THE FRAMEWORK OF THE JAPANESE BATTLESHIP "ISE" REMAINS after it had been made the target for American bombers: it is here seen, as it lies at anchor and half-submerged, in Kure Bay. The "Ise" is a vessel of 29,990 tons mounting 14-in. guns and with a complement of 1,360 officers and men: she was launched in November 1916

The REMNANTS of a MIGHTY FLEET

All that Remains of the Japanese Navy—*New Pictures from the Pacific*



ONE OF THE AMERICAN SUBMARINES WHICH TERRORISED THE JAPS returns from her last hunting trip: Battle flags proudly flying, the submarine *Tinosa* glides into the Pearl Harbour submarine base after a successful hunting trip in the Inland Sea of Japan during the last stages of the war. The *Tinosa* was one of a pack of nine American submarines that turned the hitherto inviolate water highway into a nightmare of terror for Jap shipping. The "pack" sank forty-six Jap ships, thirty with torpedoes and sixteen with deck guns. Four others were listed as probables

On left—**UNITS OF THE JAPANESE FLEET WHICH SURRENDERED TO THE ALLIES, seen from the air as they lie at anchor in Kure Bay, south of the bomb-blasted city of Hiroshima**

A JAPANESE SUBMARINE IS BROUGHT IN: With an American prize crew on board, the vessel is gliding into Sagami Bay after her capture off the coast. This was the smaller of two submarines taken at the same time: the other is believed to be the biggest submarine in the world

A BATTLESHIP IN RUINS—the "Nagato," at anchor in the Tokyo area, undergoes temporary repair. This picture was made from a low-flying carrier-based plane of the U.S. Third Fleet. The *Nagato* is a 32,720-ton battleship launched in November 1919. She is armed with eight 16-in. guns which will probably never be fired again! Although still afloat, she has obviously received a severe battering at the hands of Allied airmen

AT THE KURE NAVAL BASE ON THE INLAND SEA: An overhead view of the depleted Japanese Navy, which now consists mainly of destroyers and destroyer-escorts. The vessels have been anchored here as demanded. Bomb-blasted buildings in the naval base may be seen in the bottom right

THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL SHIP "BENEVOLENCE" PICKS UP BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR IN TOKYO BAY for evacuation from Japan—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

This vessel does not, as yet, figure in the official reference books as a unit of the American Navy: she has the appearance of a converted liner. After the Jap surrender she appeared in Tokyo Bay for the purpose of speeding up the evacuation of British prisoners of war. Three hundred slept on board for their first night of freedom. As they sighted the great white hospital ship from the beaches on which they were waiting, it is reported that they stood up and waved their arms "like men demented." Landing craft took them out to the big vessel and great waves dashed over them as they went out into the bay. But still they stood, waving and cheering

Squadron Leader Victor George Robson, D.F.C. and Bar, No. 105 Squadron. In September 1942, this officer participated, as navigator of the leading aircraft, in the successful attack on Gestapo Headquarters in Oslo. He was born in 1912 at Derby, and educated at St. James Church School. He enlisted in the R.A.F.V.R. and was commissioned in January 1942. He received the D.F.C. in September 1942

Group Captain Donald Frederick Edgar Charles Dean, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, No. 35 Squadron. He has frequently taken part in operations over distant and dangerous targets in Germany, including Berlin, Cologne and Duisburg. He was born in 1917 and educated at the City of London School. He was a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery before being commissioned in the R.A.F. in 1940

Group Captain Peter Henry Cribb, D.S.O., D.F.C., No. 582 Squadron. He has operated over many of the most heavily-defended targets in Germany, fulfilling a responsible role with courage and determination. He was born in 1918. He was commissioned in July 1938, was given command of his first squadron in July 1944. In January of this year he was given command of a station

Group Captain William Francis Montgomery Newson, D.F.C. and Bar, R.C.A.F., No. 405 Squadron. After completing a tour of duty with Coastal Command in Canada, he was appointed to command a squadron in this country. He has taken part in many sorties, many of them in a most important role. He has acted as "master bomber" in raids over such heavily-defended objectives as Chemnitz and Zweibrucken

PATHFINDERS OVER GERMANY

The Work of the Men Who Paved the Way and Lit the Targets for the Bombers of the R.A.F.

By Flight-Lieut. C. P. HARROLD, D.F.C. and Bar

ACROSS the face of Germany to-day lie a thousand ugly scars—cremated remains of once-mighty factories and thriving towns that will be Europe's monument to total war for many years to come.

Ghostlike and almost lifeless, they are the answer to those who doubt the great offensive that Bomber Command of the Royal Air Force launched from these shores, and yet there was a time when that offensive stood to fail. Two things saved it from falling on "stony ground": the ingenious group of scientists from whose hand came the radar gear that could see through the darkness, and the band of men who paved the way and lit up the targets—the Pathfinder Force of Bomber Command.

For three years after the outbreak of war, Bomber Command, in ever-increasing numbers, flew out to attack the enemy. By the middle of 1942, when on almost every other battle-front we were defending what we then held, night bombing was our single offensive arm. And yet the expected results were not forthcoming.

The early Pathfinders used a technique known as "fire-raising" to mark their objectives. The initial waves illuminated the target area with flares, in the light of which the actual aiming-point markers identified the built-up area and attacked with 4,000-lb. incendiaries. These huge fire-bombs, equivalent in power to over a thousand normal incendiaries, burning fiercely with a pinkish flame on the ground, were the guiding beacon to the stream of heavy bombers.

The Hun, seeing his cities and towns in jeopardy, was not slow to react. In an effort to confuse the Pathfinders' plan, he began lighting dummy fires around the target, using oil barrels and similar inflammables. But this crude simulation, although only partially successful, was not to last for long.

Early in 1943 two developments came into being which were to have an everlasting effect on the night-bomber war. Firstly came the target indicator—designed by a former schoolmaster of a famous Birmingham school. The brilliant coloured lights, cascading on to the aiming point—visible even through thin-layered cloud—were the key to 100 per cent. successful target-marking. The "boffins" (a colloquial R.A.F. term for civilian research scientists) had been busily engaged on the design of special radar gear.

Simultaneously with the introduction of the T.I., they placed in the hands of the Pathfinder crews the precision-bombing equipment of Oboe and H2S, which ensured that the coloured markers fell fair and square on their designed objective. These masterly devices offered scope in fields of bombing until then existent only in the dreams of the ambitious.

European weather, unreliable as it is, presented one of the greatest difficulties to bomber crews at this time; but, in just the same determined way as the Pathfinders defeated the darkness, so, armed with new equipment, they turned the tables on the elements.

Over targets hidden below thick layers of cloud, the Pathfinders, using Oboe and H2S, dropped coloured marker-flares into the clear air above the clouds. Unlike the target indicators, which cascaded to burn on the ground, these brightly-coloured flares hung steadily in space, and the heavies following up made their run, got the sky-markers in the bomb-sight and released their loads on the aiming point in the sky. Thus in "rain or shine," Bomber Command were able to direct their ever-growing air-fleets on every type of target far and wide over the Reich.

Master of all objectives in the Ruhr and the most heavily-defended target in Germany was the arms town of Essen. Sprawled in its midst, one mile wide and three miles long, lay the foundries of Krupps, from whence poured the life-blood of the Wehrmacht.

Into the smoke and haze that surrounded these vital factories fell the target indicators of the Pathfinders. In four nights Essen was flattened by 4,000 tons—among them nearly a million incendiaries—and the vast Krupps works was virtually destroyed.

Autumn brought the longer periods of darkness, and attacks began to range farther afield. By the winter of 1943, with a wealth of hard-earned experience behind them, the Pathfinders took the fight to the "Big City"—Berlin. Here was proved the success of the sky-marking method, for on 80 per cent. of the Berlin attacks the city was shrouded with cloud.

The spring of the New Year brought yet another sphere of bombing into being. Night precision attacks opened on a variety of targets in Northern France and Belgium, gradually increasing in intensity as D-Day approached. Accuracy was the ruling essential on these raids, because, firstly, the objectives were of the smallest type; and secondly, their relative position to built-up areas and towns was such that, to avoid unnecessary damage to civilian property, stray bombing had to be avoided. It was for raids demanding precision bombing that the "master bomber" form of attack was first perfected by the Pathfinders.

As far back as December 1942, Wing Commander Daniels introduced the technique over Frankfurt, but probably the raid that did most to prove its value was the highly successful assault on the V-weapon research station at Peenemunde, on the Baltic, in August 1943, when Group Captain Searby was the "master bomber."

Cloudless nights enabled "master bombers" to operate with maximum efficiency during the pre-invasion blitz. The "master's" specific task was to control main-force bombing on to the aiming point from the beginning to the end of the attack.

He assessed the initial marking in relation to the objective, and then passed his instructions to the main-force bombers over the radio-telephone. If at any time during the attack the markers became obscured in thick smoke or were blown away by bursting bombs, he could call off the bombing until such time as further marking was down and visible.

On many occasions before D-Day, the Pathfinders had as many as six of their "master bombers" operating in one night.

Perhaps the greatest feat of Bomber Command and the Pathfinders, the value of which will never be fully known, was played out on the night before the Allied Army sailed into France.

From dusk to dawn, 1,500 bombers pounded German shore batteries on the Normandy coast, and every crew who bombed looked for one aiming point—T.I. red. Through haze and thin cloud they saw them—a solitary glow against the darkness—and that was sufficient.

Next morning, when the Army went into attack, official description of the action of the batteries was "negligible."

From D-Day the offensive continued with relentless fury—the Army co-op. attacks, the chase from Falaise to the German border, the breaching of Walcheren Island, when the "master bomber," Group Captain P. Cribb, D.S.O., D.F.C., set up a record by staying over the target for two hours and ten minutes, and so to the final blow as Germany fell to her knees.

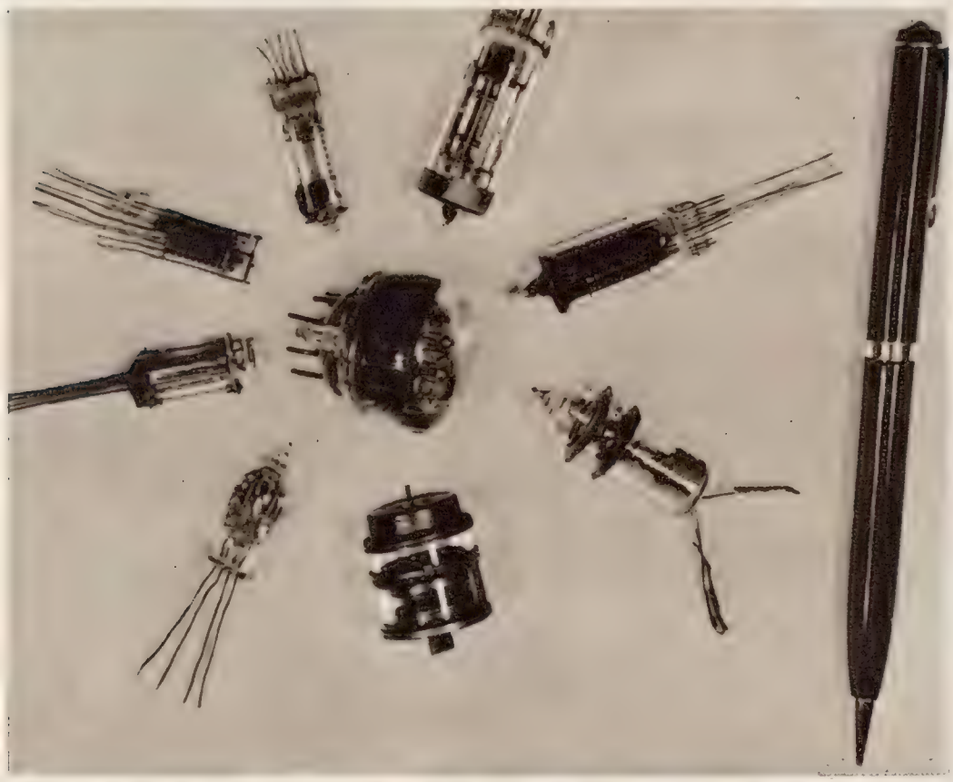
Flight-Lieut. Charles Philip Harrold, D.F.C. and Bar, No. 109 Squadron. He served in the ranks before being commissioned in 1943. He was awarded the D.F.C. in October 1944, and is entitled to the 1939-43 Star. He was born in 1921 at Wolverhampton, educated at Ealing College, Upper Latymer, Hammersmith, and King Edward VI School, Birmingham

Wing Commander Keith James Somerville, D.F.C., A.F.C., No. 105 Squadron. He completed more than 100 sorties, most of them against well-defended targets. He was born in 1920 and was educated at Dorking County School. He was a pupil pilot in the R.A.F. from October to December 1938, when he was commissioned

Wing Commander Joseph Roy George Ralston, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.M., A.F.C., No. 101 Squadron. He was born at Manchester in 1915. He was educated at the Central School, Chorlton-cum-Hardy. He enlisted in the R.A.F. as an aircraft apprentice in 1930. On July 1941, as a flight sergeant, he was awarded the D.F.M. He was commissioned in 1941

Wing Commander Sidney Baker, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, No. 635 Squadron. He completed 100 sorties, all of them against strongly-defended enemy targets. He was born in 1918 at Bristol. He enlisted for training as a pilot in 1940, and was commissioned in 1941

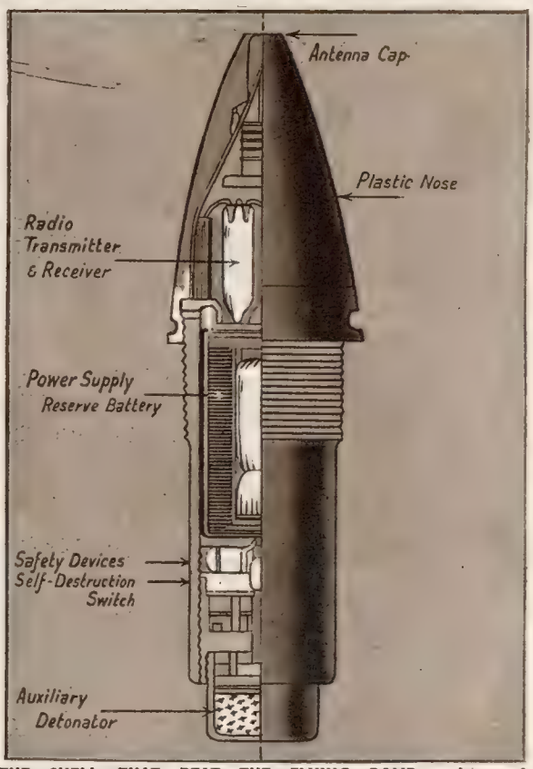
ONE OF THE GREATEST SECRET WEAPONS OF THE WAR—Various types of VT Fuses for use in 5-in. and 3-in. naval guns. Inside is a complete radio set—transmitter, receiver and aerial combined—which ensured that if the shell passed within a certain distance of an aircraft it would explode



NOT MUCH WIDER THAN AN ORDINARY PENCIL (here used for comparison) are the tiny radio tubes which were used in some of the early experimental models of the VT Fuse. The original conception was British; but development proceeded both here and in the United States: the fuses used in the war were all of American manufacture

THE SHELL THAT BEAT THE FLYING BOMBS

The Wonderful VT Fuse Operated by Radio Shown in Section

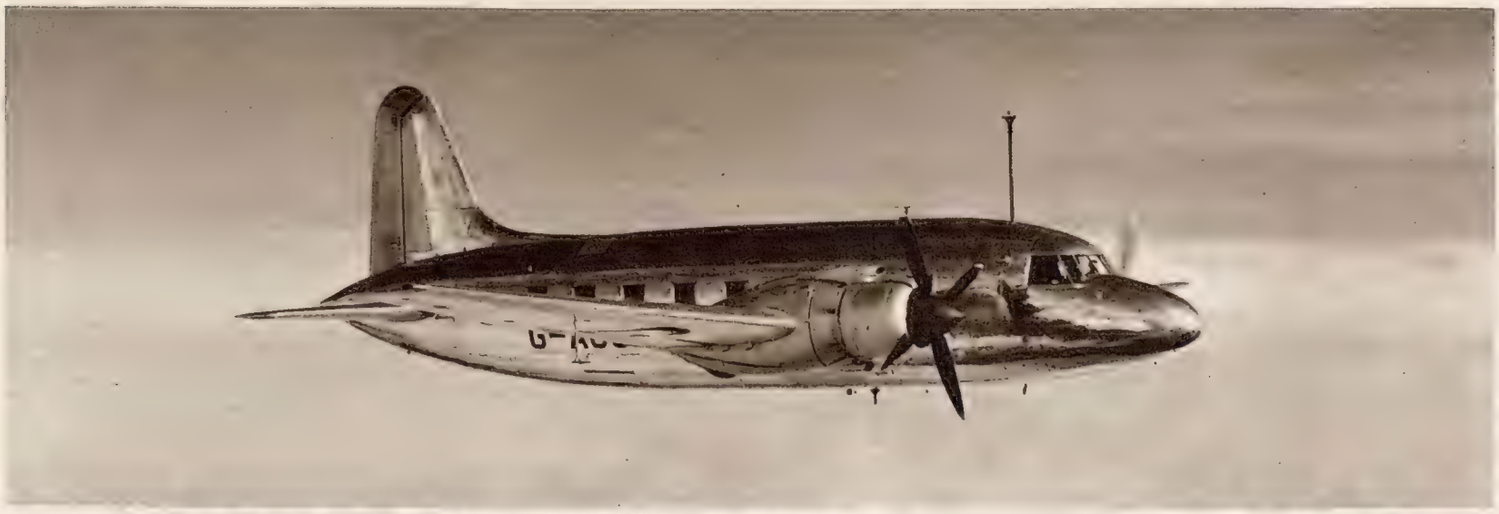


THE SHELL THAT BEAT THE FLYING BOMB and saved warships from Japanese suicide bombers. This is how it is built up, with radio transmitter and receiver, and with a self-destruction switch

The secret of the VT Fuse was first revealed in America by the Under-Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Struve Hensel: throughout the United States it has been hailed as "one of America's greatest secret weapons of the war." In point of fact, the original conception was British and was freely passed to the U.S. in 1940. Because of the greater production facilities in America, however, the fuses used in the war were all of American design and manufacture.

The device is a radio fuse which explodes projectiles close enough to their targets to ensure a strike: it consists of a tiny radio set, all complete, located in the nose of the shell. Known as the VT Fuse, it was used for two-and-a-half years of the war. It combated the German flying bomb, and it helped to break Japanese air power in the Far East, without ever being discovered by the enemy, owing to the incorporation of a self-destruction switch within. Against troops on the ground, the device was used to explode shells 20 to 30 ft. up in the air, so that fragments were sprayed downwards and slit trenches made untenable.

The fuses were known to the Army as "bonzo," but most of the gunners had no idea of their secret. The valves used are no bigger—and in some cases smaller—than the top joint of a man's little finger



AN IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO BRITAIN'S CIVIL AIRCRAFT: AN IMPRESSION OF THE GREAT VICKERS VIKING FLYING ON ONLY ONE ENGINE. This aircraft carries twenty-one passengers in one model, twenty-seven in another—in each, with a high degree of comfort. It corresponds in class to the American Dakota. Maximum cruising speed is 252 m.p.h. and range (at 210 m.p.h.) is between 1,000 and 1,500 miles, according to load. It has a span of 89 ft. 3 in., is 62 ft. 10 in. in length and 19 ft. 6 in. in height. Although geodetic wings were used in the first few machines, subsequent models are to be of stressed skin construction throughout

FIELD-MARSHAL ALEXANDER VISITS TRIESTE, bone of contention between Yugoslavia and Italy : On September 9 Field-Marshal Alexander paid a visit to the Adriatic port of Trieste, and to its surrounding area. Among the places he visited were the Indian Y.M.C.A. and the Military Government Police Training School. He finished his tour by attending a Tattoo, given by the 13th Army. This picture was taken as the secretary of the Indian Y.M.C.A., Mr. John Matrughutam, was explaining a point about Indian cooking to the Field-Marshal

THE JAPANESE SURRENDER DOCUMENT ARRIVES AT THE WHITE HOUSE IN WASHINGTON for the inspection of President Truman and his chief executives

Flown from Japan in the care of Colonel Bernard Thielen, the surrender document signed by Japan and the Allies on September 2 aboard the battleship *Missouri* in Tokyo Bay is here being examined by President Truman. In the group as Colonel Thielen hands the document to the President are (from left to right)—Secretary of the Navy, James V. Forrestal ; Colonel Thielen ; Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson ; General George Marshall, Army Chief of Staff ; President Truman ; Admiral Ernest King, Chief of Naval Operations ; Acting Secretary of State, Dean Acheson ; General Alexander A. Vandegrift, Commandant of the Marine Corps ; Admiral William D. Leahy, Personal Chief of Staff to the President ; and General Ira C. Eaker, of the American Air Force

RECENT EVENTS IN FOREIGN LANDS

Shown in Photographs Just Received in England

BEING INTERVIEWED BY THE PRESS ON BOARD THE "ARGENTINA" as she lay in Plymouth Sound before leaving for France : The Duchess has her back to the camera. The Duke of Windsor, accompanied by the Duchess, saw England for the first time since 1940 when he arrived on the U.S. troopship *Argentina*, which anchored in Plymouth Sound on September 21. They were on their way to France, to resume occupation of their house in Paris ; neither landed in this country, although both gazed wistfully at the distant shores of England. During the course of his interview with the Press, the Duke declared that he hoped to come here shortly on a visit, and that he hoped for another official appointment

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR RETURN TO EUROPE—a study taken on the deck of the American troopship "Argentina" at Plymouth as the exiles gaze at England after an absence of five years

THE DILIGENTI QUINTUPLETS CELEBRATE THEIR SECOND BIRTHDAY : Looking spick and span in their new coats, the Diligenti quintuplets are seen on the porch of their home in Buenos Aires before celebrating their second birthday. From left to right are—Carlos Alberto, Maria Cristina, Franco, Maria Fernanda and Maria Ester. These Argentinian children are rivals to the Dionne quintuplets of Canada

THE SIAMESE TWINS BORN IN ARIZONA : These two children, joined to each other, were born at the St. Monica Hospital in Avondale, Arizona, to Mrs. Rita Miranda on August 26. Each child weighed between three and four pounds at birth

WHAT MALNUTRITION DOES TO GERMAN BABIES : Many emaciated German babies are being received in Germany's largest hospital for children located in the French sector of Berlin. The babies are generally in a very low state of health

BALLET RETURNS TO BERLIN : Lilo Herbeth and Rudolf Molling in the "Hungarian Dance" at the German Opera House. The first ballet to be played in Berlin for nearly a year has just been performed at the German Opera House, in the Kantstrasse, Berlin. The prima ballerina was Liselotte Koster. The ballet had been stopped by the Nazis, so that the members could work in munitions factories. It has been the policy of the Allied Military Governments to encourage the revival of public entertainments in Berlin, and the Opera House has now been reopened for British troops in the capital

THE SADLER'S WELLS OPERA COMPANY IN HAMBURG : John Barbirolli, conductor of the Halle Orchestra, is at present in Hamburg to conduct the Philharmonic Orchestra during the performance of the Sadler's Wells Opera Company at the Garrison Theatre. Here he is seen (on the left) with Mr. Braithwaite (second from right)

"TOKYO ROSE," the Japanese broadcaster : Her name is Iva Iuku Toguri, and she is a thirty-year-old graduate of the University of California at Los Angeles. Throughout the war she broadcast in English from Tokyo : now she says that "circumstances" forced her into it. Her excuse is that she thought Americans would enjoy her music and laugh at her propaganda

PRINCESS JULIANA MEETS HER OLD SCHOOL FRIENDS AT THE REOPENING OF HER UNIVERSITY : Princess Juliana formerly studied at the University of Leyden. A few days ago she attended the reopening ceremony, which provided her with an opportunity for a happy reunion with former girl-friends, many of whom she has not seen for years owing to the war and her long absence in Canada. Here she is seen walking with her friends through the city after the ceremony

WHERE THE KING OF THE BELGIANS WILL LIVE IN SWITZERLAND DURING HIS EXILE : King Leopold III of Belgium will live with his family in the large mansion known as "Respoir," situated at Pregny, near Geneva. The Swiss authorities have given their approval to this arrangement, provided he refrains from political activity. The mansion, which has been rented recently for this purpose, is 190 years old. It was built by Lieut.-General Jacques Pictet-Thelusson of Sardinia, and has been the residence of several royal households. Here is a view of King Leopold's new residence. In the spacious grounds a gardener may be seen (in the bottom right) trimming up in preparation for the arrival of the new occupants

MARLENE DIETRICH IS REUNITED WITH HER MOTHER : Marlene Dietrich met her mother, Frau Pauline Von Lauch, for the first time since 1938 when she greeted her at the Tempelhof Airfield in Berlin recently. Frau Lauch has lived in Germany throughout the war. Members of the 82nd Parachute Division were ready to give Marlene a welcome when she arrived

THE CZECH QUISLING, whose speedy trial is demanded in Prague : Dr. Josef Tiso, Catholic priest listed as Czechoslovakia's No. 1 Quisling, is now in the hands of the American authorities, with whom a complaint has been lodged by the Czechs for the delay in bringing him to trial. Tiso was made President of the Puppet Slovakian Government by the Nazis when they took over the country. Here he is seen giving the Nazi salute in the days when he was President of the Czechoslovakian Government. Nazi officials may be seen in the background

SCENES in ENGLAND TO-DAY

A Collection of Recent News-Pictures

A RURAL SCENE FROM THE FRUIT-GROWING COUNTRY : Near Evesham, in Worcestershire, a fruit-grower exhibits his produce by the roadside, in the hope that passing motorists will stop and buy. He is offering mushrooms, apples, pears and tomatoes ; but is finding surprisingly few buyers. Such sights as this used to be frequent in pre-war days, when motorists swarmed to Worcestershire in search of fresh produce

AT SOUTHEND, lorries are drawn up in front of the shops to protect them from blast during the demolition of the concrete defences along the front

PLANES BACK INTO SAUCEPANS : A general view of the huge R.A.F. dump at Oxford, where scrap is sorted out. Five years ago an urgent appeal was issued to British housewives to give up their aluminium saucepans for making planes sorely needed at the height of the Battle of Britain. Now a new phase has opened—planes into saucepans. Unwanted R.A.F. planes are broken up, so that the aluminium borrowed from the housewives can be returned to be made again into saucepans

THE BIGGEST FARM SALE HELD IN LINCOLNSHIRE WITHIN LIVING MEMORY : A general view of the cattle ring as some of the 500 cattle came under the hammer. Lincolnshire has just held its biggest sale of farm livestock within living memory in the county, at Withcall, with the selling of 2,061 sheep at the rate of thirty-five a minute. The auctioneer wielded his hammer to such effect that he was taking bids for nearly four hours at the rate of about £100 a minute—and, incidentally, earning commission (4d. in the £1 paid by the purchasers) at the rate of nearly £2 a minute

SOUTHEND'S CONCRETE DEFENCES ARE BLOWN UP BY A "CONTROLLED" EXPLOSIVE : The demolitions in progress at Westcliff. More than 2,000 concrete blocks, which formed part of Southend's coastal defences, are being demolished at the rate of fifty per day. The method used is "controlled" explosive, which lessens the danger of blast and also enables the work to be carried out more speedily. Two old ladies on holiday at Southend complained to the police about the "bangs," and requested that they be stopped until they left the town in five days' time !

THE FLOATING CLUBHOUSE AT WESTCLIFF IS RETURNED TO HER OLD MOORINGS : The Nore Yacht Club, whose clubhouse on Western Esplanade at Southend was demolished in early raids, may now join up with the Westcliff Yacht Club, which still possesses a floating home, the "Middlesex II." This has been lying-up in a Thames Estuary creek, but has now returned to her old moorings off Westcliff, the journey being made during a heavy squall. Here she is seen during the course of her journey back

BRINGING COAL TO LONDON : The women canal "boatees" open their winter campaign. Many of the Londoners who will be able to purchase coal this winter will owe it to the hard work of a gallant band of women volunteers who bring coal to London in canal barges—or, as they prefer to call them, narrow boats. They received special training for this tough job, and now they are navigating the canals in all weathers. They have to operate the locks themselves, to manœuvre heavily-loaded boats in shallow waters, and to negotiate tricky bends. They eat and sleep aboard in their tiny cabins. This narrow bridge looks very picturesque, but it 's a tricky spot to negotiate when each of the boats (they run in couples) is loaded with 25 tons of coal. Mrs. Helen Skyrme, wife of a naval officer, is standing by the tiller. Note the traditional canal boatmen's roses painted on the twin doors of the tiny cabin

THE "FLAME-GUN" IS NOW BEING USED FOR AGRICULTURE : This is a wartime device now being applied to peacetime needs in country districts. It is claimed to be an excellent tool for clearing weeds, hedges; bracken and brush, for sterilising soil, and ridding barns of vermin. Paraffin is used in the gun, and the flame is a controlled blue/red flame which can be lengthened at will ; the heat is powerful enough to melt some rocks and split others. In this close-up, the gun is being used by Mr. C. Miller, of Swanley, Kent, to clear thistles and other weeds. It takes only a quarter of the time normally taken for this work

THE SCENE IN ARUNDEL CASTLE during the auction sale of the Duke of Norfolk's surplus treasures : Famous paintings and decorative furniture were sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods at Arundel a few days ago. They were the property of the Duke of Norfolk, who realised quite a considerable sum of money by disposing of things he no longer needs at the Castle or in his town house. This picture was taken during the auction of Rubens's famous masterpiece "The Procession to Calvary"

THE R.A.F. EXHIBIT THEIR OWN PRODUCE IN WESTMINSTER : The third Royal Air Force Fruit and Vegetable Show has just been held at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall in Vincent Square. During the war, the R.A.F. have been cultivating land surplus to Service requirements to produce food for consumption in their own messes. For the year ended December 31, 1944, the latest period for which complete figures are available, food to the value of approximately £300,000 was produced from some 6,330 acres. Here R.A.F. personnel are gazing with respect at some of the onions grown by themselves

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL RETURNS TO LONDON—and breaks with an old tradition : For the duration of the war, this historic school has been conducted in Herefordshire. With its return this term to London, the authorities have decided that the pupils may wear flannel suits in place of the traditional top-hat and tails of pre-war days

THE BLUECOAT BOYS MARCH TO THE MANSION HOUSE : Led by the band, they cross London Bridge. For the first time in seven years, the schoolboys of Christ's Hospital have made what used to be their annual march to the Mansion House. Three hundred boys, clad in blue coats and yellow stockings, marched in procession to the St. Matthew's Day Service at St. Sepulchre's in Holborn. The service used to be held at Christ Church, in Newgate Street, but that church was bombed. After the service, the Lord Mayor received the boys, and according to ancient custom gave each of the rank and file a shilling and the "Grecians" a guinea. Christ's Hospital, or the "Bluecoat" School—so called from the blue coat and yellow stockings of the school uniform—was originally founded by King Edward VI on the site of an old Greyfriars' monastery

HOW THE MEN ARE COMING OUT

The First of a Series of Three Articles Dealing with the Greatest Problem of the Day—the Demobilisation of the Armed Forces

—Described by CHARLES GRAVES

THE sluggishness with which demobilisation has, so far, been allowed to proceed, is irritating British troops all over the world. But those who have been demobilised, and particularly the veterans of the two wars, must all have raised their eyes in delighted astonishment at the amazing smoothness, civility, imagination and positive showmanship with which their final hours in the Army have been invested.

Troops coming back from overseas are sent to a disembarkation camp unit, where they hand in all equipment except for a certain amount of clothing, including one pair of boots, and other minor items. These camp units are situated at Reading, Oxford, Shorncliffe, Strensall (near York) and Carlisle (two). The men stay at these camp units for only a few hours, during which their arrival is documented. Then they are put in a draft and sent direct to the dispersal unit which deals with their home area. These are at Edinburgh, Oldham, York, Hereford, Guildford, Belfast, Taunton, Northampton and London. London, incidentally, handles not only Greater London and Middlesex, but also the Channel Islands, Windsor and Eire.

I have just been visiting the London dispersal unit at the Duke of York's Barracks, Regent's Park, where sixty men an hour can be handled throughout the twenty-four hours, although this process can be stepped up to three a minute, if necessary. Drafts arrive at all hours of the day, sometimes between midnight and dawn. Hot meals are always ready for them when they de-bus on arrival from the railway station. Every kind of amenity is provided while they wait to be documented. There are telephone boxes, a free snack bar, an information bureau, a theatre-ticket agency, lounges. At Guildford there is even a cinema.

When their names are called out, they proceed to be documented. This means checking their release authority, the issue of an unemployment book, the tearing out of the page which notifies the man's record of release, the issue of a National Health card and a sum of cash, warrant officers receiving £10, sergeants £8 and privates £6, all on the nail. They also receive 3s. travelling allowance (in the case of officers their payment is, of course, posted to their bank by cheque, and the travelling allowance is doubled). The Other Ranks proceed to fill in the Post Office Savings Bank Book card, through which their pay (for the next fifty-six days) and gratuities are made every fortnight. They are also given a fourteen-day ration card, to last them until their civilian ration card is issued, a travelling voucher filled up to the railway station nearest their home, a minimum of ninety clothing coupons, plus whatever civilian coupons they would be entitled to for the half-year, a card which enables them to buy 320 cigarettes and 7 oz. confectionery at privileged prices in the bulk N.A.A.F.I. store. They are then ready to be taken by Army transport to Olympia, for their civilian clothes.

Up to this point, officers have been separated from the men, simply because of the big difference in their Army papers. Thereafter they mingle with the Other Ranks and no priority is given to them. You can see fusiliers in a queue ahead of brigadiers, and subalterns in front of major-generals.

Olympia is Great Britain's finest men's store. The Commandant was, in peacetime, a senior executive of John Barkers. Civilian tailors are available to take all measurements. Having parked his kit-bag, now bulging with goodies, in the cloakroom, the soldier hands over his greatcoat, shows his release books to an Army clerk, who can thus check his authority for drawing a civilian issue, and studies the directive. This shows that he can have either a complete suit, or jacket and flannel trousers. In addition, he receives a raincoat, two pairs of socks, one hat, a tie, a pair of shoes and a shirt with two collars. He is even given cuff links.

The celerity with which the whole thing is done earns more compliments for the War Office. A batch of 120 men, who arrived at Paddington at 3.50 p.m. last week, had passed through the Duke of York's Barracks, secured all their clothes at Olympia, and were out of the building by 5.45 p.m.

In the case of men demobilised from this country, as opposed to returning from overseas for that purpose, the earlier procedure is somewhat different. They shed their superfluous equipment at their home unit before they leave for a collection unit. The collection units take the place of the disembarkation camp units. Thereafter the mechanics are the same.

A.T.S. reach the dispersal units direct from their own unit. Their cash payment, ranging from £10 to £6, according to rank, is the same as for men, but the War Office wisely decided that it would be impossible to satisfy women in their choice of clothes. Each girl in the A.T.S. is, therefore, given a cash sum of £12 10s. as clothing allowance, together with fifty-six coupons, in addition to the ninety that they and the men receive. Incidentally, it is computed that the men's civilian kit is worth £20. In point of fact, it must be worth very considerably more, and indeed there are unfortunate stories of the suits alone being smuggled across the Channel and sold in France for anything from £80 to £100 apiece. This leakage is being viewed with some concern by the authorities, who must also feel slightly anxious at the thought of so many A.T.S. walking out of the dispersal unit with a minimum of £18 10s. on their persons. Each girl is given a piece of friendly advice by an A.T.S. officer as to the wisdom of going straight home and putting their money in a safe place. I spoke to two of them. Both said that they were, in fact, going straight home, and had no intention of spending their clothing allowance until prices had come down. I asked a third whether she was happy to be leaving the Service. She replied, "No, I'm not." I looked at her wedding finger inquisitively. She laughed softly. "Yes," she said, "that's the trouble. You see, I'm married."

Even now there is a security ban on the number of troops being demobilised daily. All that one is permitted to say is that Olympia can handle 1,500 a day very comfortably. It is quite amusing to stand at the entrance and study the expressions on the faces of the troops when confronted with show-cases full of the most admirable suits, shirts, hats, ties, and the rest of the kit available inside. Frank disbelief is registered on the faces of practically every Other Rank. You can see that they presume that these are only for officers. When they go inside and find that major-generals and private soldiers are treated with exactly the same civility and priority, and then discover that the clothes, too, are exactly the same, the delight and surprise on their faces is almost ludicrous.

Olympia has been functioning as a clothing centre for demobilised troops for exactly a year. One reason for its success, and that of the other clothing centres throughout the country is that the War Office asked for, and secured, the complete co-operation of the shoe and textile trades. They were able, therefore, to secure vital statistics about chest measurements, heights, lengths of leg, sizes of shoes, so that practically everyone could be given a flawless fitting on the spot. On one occasion, it is true, a soldier could not be fitted immediately, but as he was 61 in. round the chest, and 72 in. round the waist, this is not surprising.

Apart from this and one jocular moan that no handkerchiefs are supplied, there have been no complaints. Nor is this surprising. Not only does every civilian's mouth water when he sees the civilian clothes available, but the manager of every big men's store in London would be green with jealousy if he saw the number of "shop assistants" available to serve the clients.

A final point. The shelves are "topped up" every hour, so there is no danger of officers and men arriving late in the evening to find all the most popular "lines" have already gone.

ONE OF THE GREAT HALLS, described in the accompanying article, where Service men and women are issued with their civilian kit on discharge

ON THE WAY OUT: The Station Commander leaves the R.A.F. for his return to civilian life. Wing-Commander Mike Crossley, D.S.O., D.F.C., Station Commander of Hawkinge, and fighter-ace with twenty-two "kills" to his credit, seen with his batman as he surrenders the historic wastes of this once-busy aerodrome to blackberry-pickers and three Waafs who are off for a game of tennis

A DEMOBILISATION PROBLEM—How to get back to peacetime employment. A scene at the Stage People's Demob. Bureau, opened in Coventry Street by Equity, the stage artists' association. Major Geoffrey Robinson, former Assistant General Secretary to Ensa, is running it, and is seen above interviewing Corporal Gordon Littman and Corporal David Meredith, who have come, in their civilian clothes, for advice

THE WEDDING OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE IN LOS ANGELES: Leaving the Wilshire Methodist Church after her marriage to Sergeant John Agar, an Army aviation engineer. Their respective ages are seventeen and twenty-four

NEWS-PICTURES from the UNITED STATES and CANADA

It seems only a very short while ago that Shirley Temple was a baby star in Hollywood films. To-day she is seventeen years of age, and has just married a twenty-four-year-old Army sergeant—John Agar. The ceremony was performed in the Wilshire Methodist Church by the Rev. Willsie Martin: the picture above was sent by radio, and shows the newly-married couple leaving just after the marriage. For the benefit of our women readers, here is a description of the dress worn by Shirley: it was "of white satin with fitted bodice, short sleeves and 'little Infanta' skirt held out at the sides by panniers. The round low neck was edged by a looped cord of satin closely studded with seed pearls, and seed pearls were also scattered over the bodice"

THIS WAS THE SECRET RETREAT OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: The Lodge in Maryland to which the late President occasionally retired to rest from the turmoil of official Washington

THE SWIMMING-POOL AT THE LATE PRESIDENT'S MARYLAND RETREAT: It was only recently made public in the United States that, during the war, when he wished to rest in complete privacy, the late President Roosevelt would retire to the Catoctin Recreational Demonstration Area in Maryland. Here he lived in the Lodge seen in the upper picture, and gained his exercise in the swimming-pool seen in the lower picture. (The tent on the left in this view is a dressing tent). It is stated that some of President Roosevelt's Conferences with Mr. Winston Churchill were held at this retired spot

UNEMPLOYMENT QUEUES ARE SPREADING THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES: With more and more plants laying off thousands of workers, the transition from war work to peace-time employment is now under way. Here is a view of a long line of newly-unemployed formed outside the Employment Service of New York State. Applications are taken here, and the applicants are then interviewed to determine their qualifications

THE MAN WHO PLANS TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN IN A BARREL: Because it is inevitable that "some day someone will cross the Atlantic in a barrel," Mark Charlton, a discharged Canadian Army veteran, wants to do it first. The barrel in which he plans to make the attempt is built of solid oak, 10 ft. long and 6 ft. 8 in. at the bulge, with strongly reinforced bulkheads. Charlton hails from Toronto; he states that he expects to complete the voyage in forty days given luck, good weather and favourable winds. The actual barrel in which the attempt will be made is shown here, with its proposed occupant in front

THE WARTIME "BAG" OF THESE SUBMARINES WAS 200 JAP SHIPS: Here are some of the twenty-one American submarines which sank some 200 Japanese ships during the Pacific War; they are tied up at the Mare Island Navy Yard at San Francisco, to await further orders. Telling of their experiences, officers have paid tribute to the design and construction of their ships, and told how they stood up under terrific punishment during the war. They gave credit for a large part of their success to Radar

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

AMERICAN SATIRE and HUMOUR at ITS BEST

Thurber's Inimitable Problem Dogs; Lemmy Caution Again: New Storyteller Worth Watching; John Gunther Writes a Novel

SINCE it is quite impossible to analyse the genius of Mr. James Thurber, whether in drawing or in prose, I can relax and tell you just how good, and how crazy, and how inspired his new book is. This is a collection of drawings and jokes and short stories, many of which have appeared in the pages of the *New Yorker*, the nursery of much satiric art.

THE THURBER CARNIVAL (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is at least eight books in one. In fact, it is the book that any far-sighted person will buy now, read with lingering care himself, and put aside for a Christmas present for a particularly favoured friend. Even if it has tea-stains on it, and bus tickets as markers, it will still be a welcome present, and don't let any misanthropic friend advise you to the contrary. It would only be because he wanted it for himself, anyway. There are selections from many of Mr. Thurber's earlier books here, from *The Middle-Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze*, from *My World and Welcome To It*, and from *The Seal in the Bedroom*, amongst others. These are, of course, three of the major Thurber classics. But of all, I think *The Owl in the Attic* is my favourite.

LONDON'S NEXT LORD MAYOR—SIR CHARLES DAVIS, with his wife at their country house, Barrington Hall, near Cambridge: Sir Charles is a Director of Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers and Chairman of Atlas Stone. As a civil and mechanical engineer, he came to the City in 1912 from Cambridge; he was High Sheriff in 1934-35, and later a Deputy Lieutenant of Kent. He is a member of the Port of London Authority, and has been for many years Chairman of the Medway Conservancy and Chairman of the London Chamber of Commerce. His week-ends away from work he spends at his country estate, Barrington Hall, near Cambridge

This consisted—and consists, as the publishers are happy to prove to you—of a series of magnificently crazy questions and answers that *might* have been exchanged between an anxious animal-lover and a cool and poised animal expert. Each query is illustrated inimitably by a drawing of one of those animals once seen never forgotten and, occasionally, a bewildered human being. Most of them have good cause to be bewildered.

Best of all these exchanges is headed by a line-sketch of a large and puzzled dog, chin on paw, watching a faintly sinister gentleman advancing on him. The caption reads: "Q. Sometimes my dog does not seem to know me. I think he must be crazy. He will draw away, or show his fangs, when I approach him. H. M. Morgan, Jr.

"A. So would I, and I 'm not crazy. If you creep up on your dog the way you indicate in your drawing [I should explain that the drawings are all the clients' efforts] I can understand his viewpoint. Put your shirt in and straighten up; you look as if you had never seen a dog before, and that is undoubtedly what bothers the animal. These maladjustments can often be worked out by the use of a little common-sense."

There is also the very fine example of the lady, a Mrs. C. L. Footloose, who wrote, with an appropriately haunting drawing, "We have cats the way most people have mice." "I see you have," is the reflective answer. "I can't tell from your communication, however, whether you wish advice or are just boasting."

Mr. Thurber's stories range from animal fables—"In the woods of the Far West there once lived a brown bear who could take it or let it alone"—to chapters of probably apocryphal but fascinating early history, and fantasies suggested by a phrase from the writing of some luckless fellow-author. In any case, they are all distinguished, all witty and all rare.

Either it 's my age or the authors' ages, or something, but first novels do seem to be getting very much better. Perhaps because the paper shortage makes publishers more selective; perhaps because writers are growing more strong-minded about throwing away the first two or three of the "novels-that-everyone-has-in-them." Whatever the reason, there have been recently quite a few mature, competently-planned novels, written with a restraint that seems mistakenly to argue years of writing experience.

THE BRIDGEHEAD (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is one such. Its author is evidently no youth: he has been a Major in the Royal Artillery, and a Battery Commander in some decisive battles from D-Day onwards, but this is apparently his first published work, and it reads as smoothly as the product of what is sometimes called a practised pen.

The title is relevant, for not only does the story open with a big but unsuccessful raid on Normandy in the days before the invasion, but all the major characters are shown in different ways as trying to establish their own "bridgeheads" of security and happiness into the future. Although such women characters as there are appear well drawn, all the principal figures are men, and all of them are credible, three-dimensional beings.

There is Colonel Fox, happy in his unspectacular wife and his two sons; Brigadier Mortimer, an intelligent, more than middle-aged man, who marries a brilliant French actress; Major Baldachini, a satirical artist; Major Mostyn, who, rather undeservedly, finds true love; and Major Leroy, unhappily but faithfully married to a barmaid. Some succeed in their quest; some don't. But when the Second Front opens in France it is only the man among them who has the least desire to live on, who survives.

Mr. Christopher Dilke's talent for writing is at least twofold. He takes the trouble to make his understanding of people articulate, and he can tell a story. I shall be looking for his name from now on.

Mr. Peter Cheyney's new book has not only a dedication which reads, in part, "to all allied prisoners of war," but the whole volume was written especially for them; the author's heart—and imagination—having understandably been captured by the picture of men in the *stalags* reading and re-reading his books.

The new work I 'LL SAY SHE DOES (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is a further volume of Mr. Lemmy Caution's adventures. This time the American sleuth, F.B.I. man and menace to the girls, is seconded to the U.S. Army Secret Service in Paris, and works with a few Black Market *bistros* as his base. He soon moves over to London, however, and "operates"—I think that is the correct term—from his more familiar Jermyn Street quarters.

No one who has read so much as a chapter of a previous Lemmy Caution book will need telling that this long, lithe gentleman seldom goes into action without a supporting battery of devastating blondes and matchless brunettes. He is well served in his current exploit by a lady who was "a sweet parcel . . . guaranteed to hit anything in pants for a home run an' what she don't know to go with it could be stuck under a postage stamp an' not missed."

Espionage and counter-espionage is the theme of this tome, but that isn't the essential thing. Mr. Cheyney could have treated of right and wrong methods of tomato-growing and still got as much excitement into it. In the classic phrase, it isn't what he says, it 's the way he says it. And the way Mr. Cheyney says it happens to be the way that appeals to X-thousand readers—including your reviewer.

Mr. John Gunther is popularly supposed to be one of the most able writers on international politics to-day—his books, *Inside Europe*, *Inside Latin America* and *Inside Asia*, are widely informed and written with a sympathetic yet realistic understanding of international problems which makes him not only eminently readable, but sincerely convincing. He has a large and enthusiastic public both in America and in this country, but his new book, a novel entitled THE TROUBLED MIDNIGHT (Hamish Hamilton. 9s. 6d.), is in some ways disappointing; it is a love-story set against a political background, and as such lacks the conviction of straightforward reporting or the romance of pure fiction.

Mr. Gunther has set his scene against the indisputably colourful background of neutral Istanbul, during the latter part of this war; the heroine is an attractive young American, working for the Lend-Lease Department, who becomes entangled with a Gestapo agent, to whom she is attracted against her better judgment, and also with an English Secret Service agent who loves her. She eventually turns them both down for a lover from her past.

Woven in with the romance there is a certain amount of intrigue and espionage, but the chief topic, and obviously the author's first and best love, is the subject of international politics—here he is in his true element, and every situation, practically every conversation, has its political and social bias; the very characters themselves only seem to live as representatives of their various nations, rather than intriguing, loving, suffering individuals whose emotions are stirred by events as they affect their own lives. In spite of this, what may be rather captious-sounding comment, I don't doubt that this novel will be widely read and enjoyed, for even though his greatest admirers may wish that Mr. Gunther had stuck to his earlier methods, he is still exactly as readable as he ever was.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW LONDON? A new view of a modern corner: The picture shows the steps leading from the Embankment up to the new Waterloo Bridge, the first span of which can be seen on the left. Despite the blitz, and at least one direct hit, the work of building London's newest bridge went on throughout the war years, and it was finally opened in 1944

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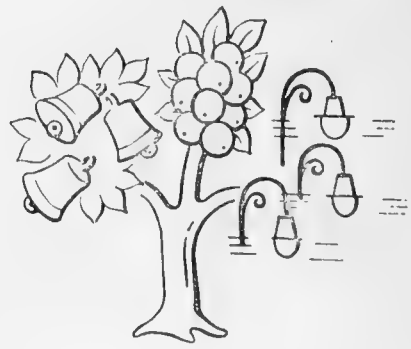

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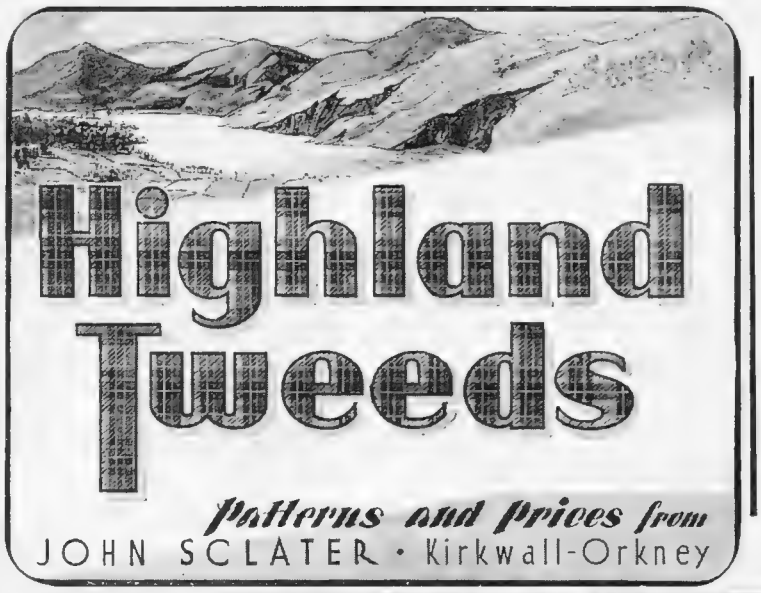

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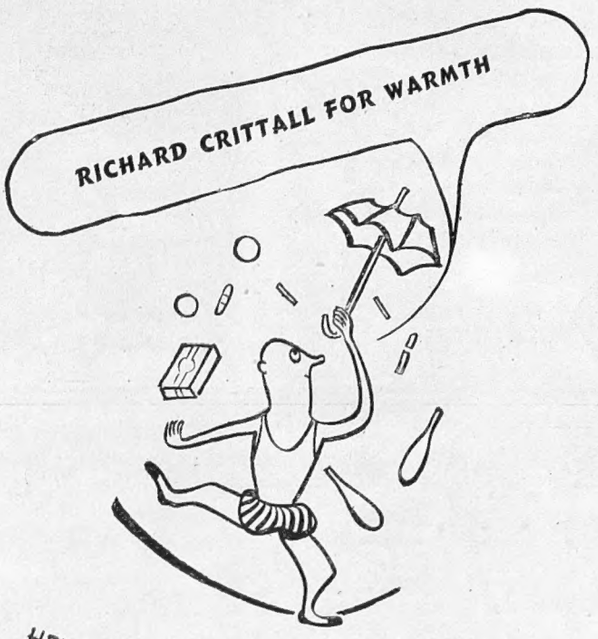

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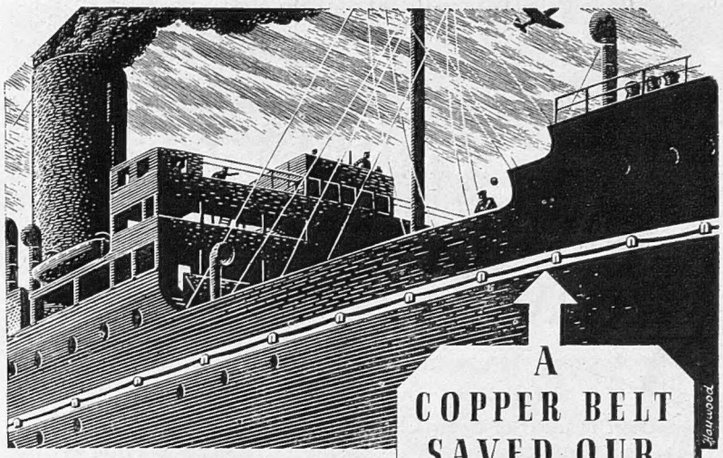

A COPPER BELT SAVED OUR SHIPPING

ONE of the first of Hitler's "secret weapons" was the magnetic mine which appeared in the Channel early in the war. Shipping losses became grave, but experts were busy. A new word was whispered and as quickly hushed. Degaussing was on the British secret list. Future dictionaries may explain it more expertly, but laymen can regard themselves as knowledgeable if they say degaussing means fitting continuous copper belts electrically energised round ships to protect them from magnetic mines. That was Britain's defence against the magnetic mine—and it was successful. But, as many ships required degaussing, the job had to be done quickly and a true weld of the copper was essential. Here oxygen played a vital part in the war effort. Oxy-acetylene welding performed this work with speed and so helped to save our food supplies. Any industrialist wishing for equally speedy assistance in peace-time production where welding and oxygen-cutting can be used, is invited to discuss his problem with us.

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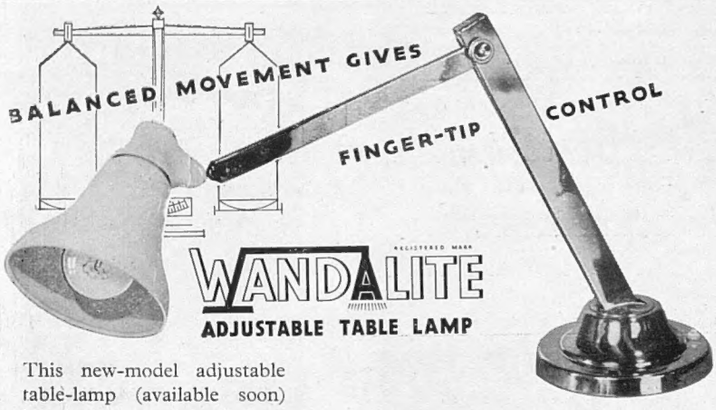

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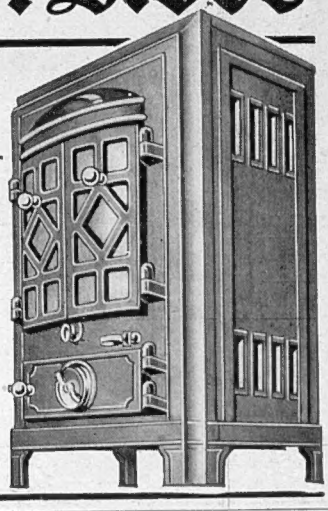

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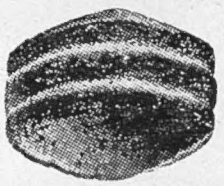

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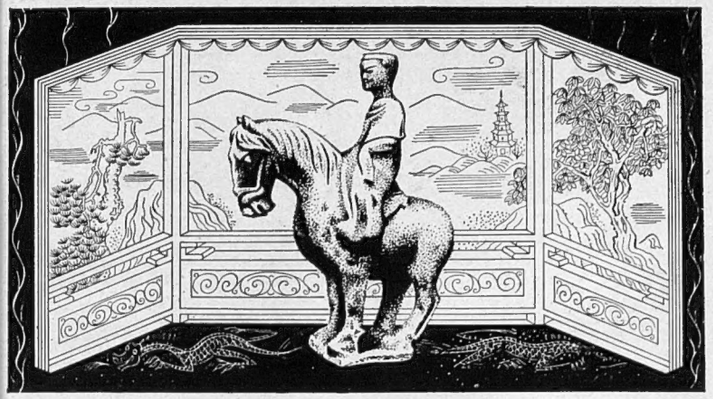

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